Frontispiece

G. Scotin Jun: Sculp.

Tho' Love from Beauty first may take his Dart —
Virtue must give the Chain that binds the Heart.

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G. Scotin Jun: Sculp.

Tho' Love from Beauty first may take his Dart —
Virtue must give the Chain that binds the Heart.

THE CUPID.

A COLLECTION OF *LOVE SONGS*, IN TWELVE PARTS.

SUITED

To Twelve different S

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PREFACE.

TO publish a Collection of Songs, after the World has been kindly presented with so many already, may, perhaps, seem a little needless, if not impertinent. The only Excuse the Editor of these can make, is the Novelty of his Design. All the Collections which have come before (now don't think he is going to decry 'em all, as is usual;) are calculated, he owns, to please every-body, whilst his humble Design is only to entertain one Set of People, viz. THE LOVERS. If the Young and the Fair are pleased, 'tis all he aims at; he does not desire the Drunkard, or the Reveller, to read his Collection; it was not design'd for his Entertainment; there are no Bacchanalia's in it.

But there is one Thing which he is afraid will be urged against him as a Deficiency, and that is, that he has not mentioned the Tunes at the Head of each Song. Now, in answer to this, he humbly presumes that any thing less than printing the Tune itself is of very little Use; for, not to

tion the extraordinary Information of letting the Reader know that the Song is to its own Tune, which is very often all they can do, their beſt Expedient is to tell us, that this Song is to the Tune of another Song, and that other, to the Tune of this; Ianthe the lovely, *to the Tune of* Ianthe the ugly; *and* Ianthe the ugly, *to the Tune of* Ianthe the lovely; *which gives juſt as much Information to the gentle Reader, as the Boy did to him that enquired his Name. My Name, ſays he, is my Father's. And what is thy Father's? My Father's Name is mine. And what is both your Names? They are both the ſame. Now he that can find out the Boy's Name, or his Father's, from this Information, may find out the Tune of any Song from the aboveſaid Directions; but for ſuch as are leſs cunning, 'tis preſumed they are no Direction at all.*

All that the Editor has to ſay, is, to confeſs, that there are ſeveral Songs in this Collection, not ſo good as he could wiſh, but if there are fewer bad ones in it, than in any other, he ſhall think it has ſome Merit. And he further hopes, it will be of ſome Service to the various Kinds of Lovers, with their various Miſtreſſes. They will here be directed to a Song upon almoſt any Occaſion, and ſuited to almoſt any Circumſtance of Temper or Humour the dear Creature may be in; and, to vary a little the Words of an old Poet,

A Song may catch her who ſet Courtſhip flies,
And liſtening, ſhe may fall Love's Sacrifice.

INDEX.

	Page
AS *Sylvia* in a Forreſt	1
Ah whither!	3
As *Sparabella*	5
Alone by a Fountain	13
A beauteous Face	15
Ah ſtay! ah turn!	25
Ah the Shepherd's	46
Around the Plains	58
Ah *Phillis*, why	60
Alexis ſhun'd	61
A gentle Warmth	80
As *Clintor*	82
At break of Day	84
At Noon in a	88
All Thoughts of	96
Away with Sorrow	101
A Swain of Love	115
Adieu ye pleaſant	136
As when on Mountain	141
At length I feel	142
As Snow in Vallies	160
Ah, bright *Belinda*	164
A certain Presbyterian Pair	173
Amongſt the Willows	179
After the Pangs	186
As naked almoſt	198
A Nymph of the Plain	201
Aurelia art thou mad	214
As *Cælia* near	218
As *Damon* late	

INDEX.

As *Chloris* full
As I beneath
An amorous Swain
As *Damon* watch'd
As on a vernal Evening
Boast not, mistaken
Belinda's blest
Beneath a Beach's
Believe my Sighs
Blest as the immortal Gods
By a murmuring Stream
Busk ye, busk ye,
By a dismal
Beneath a gloomy Shade
Belinda's Pride
Be wary my *Cælia*
Bright *Cynthia*'s Power
By the Mole on your
By the Toast
Behold I fly
Cruel Creature, can you
Clarinda the Pride
Custom, alas!
Cloe, sure the Gods
Charming *Flavia*
Cloe when I view
Chloris I cannot
Cecilia when with
Cloe be wise
Cælia that I once
Charming *Cloe*
Charming is your
Come all ye Youths
Cælia too late
Come be free
Cloe's a Goddess
Celia let not Pride
Cælia my dearest
Cælia hoard thy
Come dearest *Flavia*

INDEX.

Cloe when I view 215
Dear *Collin* prevent 9
Damon ask'd me 29
Divine *Cecilia* 49
Dear *Cloe* while 95
Dejected as true 96
Deſpairing beſides 103
Did ever Swain 111
Do not ask me 167
Dorinda has ſuch 180
Dear *Aminda* 203
Farewel ungrateful Traytor 2
From Grave Leſſons 6
Farewel thou falſe 18
From Place to Place 21
Forgive me 47
For many unſucceſsful 80
Fair *Cloe* my Breaſt 92
From all uneaſy 109
Fair *Iris* I love 150
Fye, *Liza*, ſcorn 191
Genteel in Perſonage 16
Girls be ſure, 18
Give o'er fond 89
Gentle Love this Hour 98
Go thou perpetual 126
How cruel are the Traytors 3
How hard is the Fortune 8
How wretched is 33
Hear me ye Nymphs 61
Had I all the World 119
Help me each 128
How wretched is 154
Hence alone 203
Hail to the myrtile 219
In vain poor *Damon* 16
If I love a Man 23
Is there on Earth 34
In *Chloris* 44
If from the Luſtre 58

I look'd

INDEX.

I look'd and I sigh'd 68
It is not that I love 70
If *Corinna* would 73
I did but look 76
I cannot change 93
In vain dear *Cloe* 94
Iris you lovely 95
I'll range around 118
If Love's a sweet 122
I love, I doat 129
I'll tell you what 148
In *Phillis* all vile Jilts 155
I'm not one of 156
If *Phillis* denies me 162
If the Heart of a Man 174
If you sue 184
I love thee 202
Is *Hamilla* 211
I gently touch'd 223
Last *Sunday* at St. *James's* 6
Love's but the Frailty 9
Look where my Dear 39
Liberia's all 50
Lost is my Quiet 93
Like a wandring 131
Lovers who waste 144
Let's drink 163
Love is now 183
My Goddess *Lydia* 41
Mistake not 67
My Days have been 69
My dear Mistress 202
My Jenny and I 157
My Name is honest *Harry* 177
May the Ambitious 226
Musing on Cares 146
Never more will I 154
No scornful Beauty 195
No more severely 214
No, *Delia*, no,

O think

INDEX.

O think not the Maid 12
O fye, what mean I 20
O the Lads of 26
O I'll have a Husband 32
Obſerve the num'rous 36
O why did e'er my 68
Over the Mountains 85
O conceal that 100
O Love what cruel 107
O happy, happy 120
One Night when all 133
Of all the Things 139
O I love a charming 168
Of *Anna*'s Charms 180
O *Bell* thy Looks 189
O fly from this Place 198
O my Treaſure 200
Purſuing Beauty 9
Phillis has ſuch 44
Phillis, Men ſay 77
Prithee *Billy* 143
Pious *Selinda* 161
Prithee *Suſan* 166
Peggy in Devotion 171
Phillis as her Wine 172
Prithee *Cloe* 190
Phillis we not grieve 196
Poor *Damon* 210
Phillis has a 222
Since we poor ſlaviſh Women 17
Strephon when you ſee 25
She that would gain 41
So numerous 69
Say cruel *Amoret* 91
Sweet are the Charms 104
Swain thy hopeleſs 123
See what a Conqueſt 127
Sad *Philocles* 135
Since from my dear 147
Still *Cloe* you

Sue

INDEX.

Sue to *Celia*
Silly Swain give o'er
Sylvia the Fair
Since you will needs
Say lovely *Sylvia*
Say, mighty Love,
The Groves, the Plains,
Tell my *Strephon*
Tho' *Damon* is
Too plain, dear Youth,
'Twas when the Seas
Tho' Ladies look gay
Tho' Beauty like
Thou only Charmer
Tell me dear
Tranſporting *Cloe*
The Sun had juſt
Tho' *Phillis* you ſcorn,
The Bird that hears
Tell me not
Tell me, tell me
The laſt Time I came
Too lovely cruel Fair
Thro' mournful Shades
Tho' cruel you ſeem
The Pain which
The Sun had juſt
Tho' *Flavia*
The Mind of a Woman
'Twas in this Shade
Three Nymps
'Twas *Fancy* firſt
Tell me no more
Tho' Women
Tell me *Cloe*
There was a Swain
The Laſs of
Tranſported with
Upon *Clarinda*'s panting
With tuneful Pipe

Why

INDEX.

Why does my Looks 19
Whilſt *Strephon* 21
What! put off 23
With ſighing and wiſhing *ib.*
When Slaves 27
When Lovers 28
Where is he gone 29
When *Fanny* blooming 35
We all to conquering 37
With Virtues Loves 45
When *Eliſmonda* 47
Without Affectation 48
Who wou'd not 51
Whilſt I fondly 52
What Beauties does 53
When firſt *Paſtora* 56
Why will *Flora* 57
Why flies *Belinda* 65
When wilt thou break *ib.*
When *Delia* on the Plain 72
Were I to chuſe 74
When firſt I ſaw *ib.*
Where would coy 76
What State of Life 105
Wherever I am 106
Would Fate to me 110
Why cruel Creature 112
What ſhall I do to 121
With broken Words 131
Whilſt I gaze 132
Was *Cloe* as kind 138
Woman thoughtleſs 141
Why ſo pale and wan *ib.*
Why all this whining 143
With Arts oft practis'd 145
What means this *ib.*
When I ſee the bright 151
Woman's like the flattering 152
Whenever *Cloe* 170
When I court thee 175

INDEX.

What tho' you cannot 182
Would you have a young 187
When first I sought 194
Will you ever 198
Why should coy Beauty 202
Why should a Heart 207
When I survey 213
Whilst *Alexis* 216
When *Cloe* shines 217
Whilst on *Melaniſſa* 221
Ye Virgin Powers 8
Young I am 15
You meaner Beauties 43
Young *Annie's* 54
Ye Minutes 55
You I love 87
Ye Nymphs who 114
Young *Damon* once 116
Ye Shepherds and 122
Young *Cupid* one Day 150
Ye little Loves 155
Young *Corydon* 158
Yes I could love 161
Yes all the World 169
Ye Nymphs no more 176
Young *Cupid* I find 179
Ye watchful Guardians 210

THE

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The Female Lover.

Plays Poems & Romances melt ye Heart.—
And Love finds easy entrance for his Dart.

THE FEMALE LOVER.

SONG I.

SINCE we, poor ſlaviſh Women, know
Our Men we cannot pick and chuſe,
To him we like, why ſay we no,
And both our Time and Lover loſe?
With feign'd Repulſes and Delays,
A Lover's Appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant ſtays,
His Stomach's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient, am'rous Gueſt,
Unknown to us, away may ſteal,
And, rather than ſtay for a Feaſt,
Take up with ſome coarſe ready Meal.
When Opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Weomen be ſo too;
And, if the Man be to your Mind,
'Till needs you muſt, ne'er let him go.

The Match ſoon made, is happy ſtill,
For only Love has there to do;
Let no one marry 'gainſt her Will,
But ſtand off when her Parents wooe;

And only to their Suits be coy:
For ſhe whom Jointure can obtain,
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for Gain.

SONG II.

FAREWEL, ungrateful Traytor,
Farewel, my perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleaſure of poſſeſſing
Surpaſſes all expreſſing!
But 'tis too ſhort a Bleſſing,
And Love too long a Pain.

'Tis eaſy to deceive us,
In Pity of your Pain;
But when we love, you leave us,
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have deſcry'd it,
There is no Bliſs beſide it;
But ſhe who once has try'd it,
Will never love again.

The Paſſion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you diſdain.
Your Love by ours we meaſure,
'Till we have loſt our Treaſure;
But dying is a Pleaſure,
When living is a Pain.

SONG III.

CRUEL Creature, can you leave me?
Can you then ungrateful prove?
Did you court me to deceive me,
And to ſlight my conſtant Love?

Falſe, ungrateful, thus to wooe me,
Thus to make my Heart a Prize;
Firſt to ruin and undo me,
Then to ſcorn and tyranize.

Shall I ſend to Heav'n my Pray'r?
Shall I all my Wrongs relate?
Shall I curſe the dear Betrayer?
No, alas! it is too late.

Cupid pity my Condition;
Pierce this unrelenting Swain;
Hear a tender Maid's Petition,
And reſtore my Love again.

SONG IV.

HOW cruel are the Traytors,
Who lye and ſwear in jeſt,
To cheat unguarded Creatures,
Of Virtue, Fame and Reſt!
Whoever ſteals a Shilling,
Thro' Shame the Guilt conceals;
In Love the perjur'd Villain,
With Boaſts the Theft reveals.

SONG V.

WITH tuneful Pipe, and merry Glee,
Young *Waty* won my Heart;
A blither Lad ye cou'd na ſee,
All Beauty without Art.
His winning Tale
Did ſoon prevail
To gain my fond Belief;
But ſoon the Swain
Gangs o'er the Plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
And leaves me full of Grief.

Tho' *Colin* courts with tuneful Song,
Yet few regard his Mane;
The Laſſes a' round *Waty* throng,
While *Colin*'s left alane:
In *Aberdeen*
Was never ſeen,
A Lad that gave ſic Pain;
He daily wooes,
And ſtill purſues,
'Till he does all, 'till he does all,
'Till he does all obtain.

But ſoon as he has gain'd the Bliſs,
Away then does he run;
And hardly will afford a Kiſs
To ſilly me undone:
Bonny *Katty*,
Maggy, *Beatty*,
Avoid the roving Swain;
His wily Tongue
Be ſure to ſhun,
Or you like me, or you like me,
Like me will be undone.

SONG

SONG VI.

AS *Sylvia* in a Forreſt lay
To vent her Love alone;
Her Swain *Sylvander* came that Way,
And heard her dying Moan.
" Ah! is my Love (ſaid ſhe) to you
" So worthleſs, and ſo vain;
" Why is your wonted Fondneſs now
" Converted to Diſdain?

" You vow'd the Light ſhould Darkneſs turn,
" E'er you'd exchange your Love;
" In Shades now may Creation mourn,
" Since you unfaithful prove.
" Was it for this I Credit gave
" To every Oath you ſwore?
" But ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
" Who moſt pretend t' adore.

" 'Tis plain your Drift was all Deceit,
" The Practice of Mankind;
" Alas! I ſee it, but too late,
" My Love had made me blind.
" For you, delighted I could die;
But Oh! with Grief I'm fill'd,
" To think that credulous, conſtant I,
" Should by yourſelf be kill'd.

This ſaid——all Breathleſs, ſick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her Vital Spirits fail,
And Senſes at a Stand.
Sylvander now began to melt;
But, e'er the Word was given,
The heavy Hand of Death ſhe felt,
And ſigh'd her Soul to Heav'n.

SONG VII.

FROM grave Leſſons and Reſtraint,
I'm ſtole out to revel here;
Yet I tremble, and I faint,
In the Middle of the Fair.
Oh! wou'd Fortune in my Way,
Throw a Lover kind and gay;
Now's the Time he ſoon might move
A young Heart unus'd to Love.

Shall I venture? No, no, no,
Shall I from the Danger go?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no,
I muſt not try, I cannot fly,
I muſt not, durſt not, cannot fly.

Help me Nature, help me Art,
Why ſhould I deny my Part?
If a Lover will purſue,
Like the wiſeſt let me do;
I will fit him if he's true,
If he's falſe I'll fit him too.

SONG VIII.

LAST *Sunday* at St. *James*'s Pray'rs,
The Prince and Princeſs by,
I, dreſs'd in all my Whale-bone Airs,
Sate in a Cloſet nigh.
I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book,
Read all the Anſwers o'er;
But was perverted by a Look,
That pierc'd me from the Door.

High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to uſe
With the devouteſt Care;
Which gay young *Strephon* made me loſe,
And all the Raptures there:
He waits to hand me to my Chair,
He bows with courtly Grace,
And whiſpers Love into my Ear,
Too warm for that grave Place.

Love, Love, ſaid he, by all ador'd,
My tender Heart has won;
But I grew peeviſh at the Word,
Deſir'd he would be gone.
He went quite out of Sight, while I
A kinder Anſwer meant;
Nor did I for my Sins that Day,
By half ſo much repent.

SONG IX.

THE Groves, the Plains;
The Nymphs, the Swains;
The Silver Stream, and cooling Shade;
All, all declare
How falſe you are,
How many Hearts you have betray'd.

Diſſembler go,
Too well I know
Your fatal, falſe, deluding Art;
To every ſhe,
As well as me,
You make an Offering of your Heart.

SONG X.

YE Virgin Powers defend my Heart
From am'rous Looks and Smiles,
From ſaucy Love, or nicer Art,
Which moſt our Sex beguiles.

From Sighs and Vows, and awful Fears,
That do to Pity move;
From ſpeaking Silence, and from Tears,
Thoſe Springs that water Love.

But if thro' Paſſion I grow blind,
Let Honour be my Guide;
And when frail Nature ſeems inclin'd,
Then place a Guard of Pride.

A Heart whoſe Flames are ſeen, tho' pure,
Needs every Virtue's Aid,
And ſhe who thinks herſelf ſecure,
The ſooneſt is betray'd.

SONG XI.

HOW hard is the Fortune of all Womankind,
For ever ſubjected, for ever confin'd;
The Parent controuls us, until we are Wives,
The Husband enſlaves the reſt of our lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But ſecretly languiſh, compell'd to conceal;
Deny'd e'ry Freedom of Life to enjoy,
Aſham'd if we're kind, and condemn'd if we're coy.

SONG XII.

DEar *Colin* prevent my warm Bluſhes,
Since how can I ſpeak without Pain,
My Eyes have oft told you my Wiſhes,
Oh can't you their Meaning explain:
My Paſſion would loſe by Expreſſion,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a Confeſſion
Of what is too tender to name:

Since yours is the Province of Speaking,
Why ſhould you expect it from me?
Our Wiſhes ſhould be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they ſhould be:
Then quickly why don't you diſcover,
Did your Heart feel ſuch Tortures as mine,
I need not tell over and over,
What I in my Boſom confine.

SONG XIII.

PUrſuing Beauty, Men deſcry,
The diſtant Shoar, and long to prove,
(Still richer in Variety)
The Treaſures of the Land of Love.

We Women, like weak *Indians* ſtand
Inviting, from our golden Coaſt,
The wand'ring Rovers to our Land:
But ſhe who trades with 'em is loſt.

With humble Vows they firſt begin,
Stealing, unſeen, into the Heart;
But by Poſſeſſion ſettled in,
They quickly act another Part.

For Beads, and Baubles we reſign,
In Ignorance our ſhining Store;
Diſcover Nature's richeſt Mine,
And yet the Tyrants will have more.

Be wiſe, be wiſe, and do not try,
How he can court, or you be won;
For Love is but Diſcovery,
When that is made, the Pleaſure's done.

SONG XIV.

WHY does my Looks my Thoughts betray,
And ſudden Bluſhes in me fly?
Why do I ſigh and faint away,
Since he I love would have me die?

Cou'd I but once on him prevail,
To mingle with his Joys my Smart,
That he might feel what now I ail;
But I'm too young to ſhew ſuch Art.

Attractive *Cupid*, be my Care,
And look with Pity on my Pain;
Oh! break the Chains that now I wear,
Or bind *Amintor* in the ſame.

Haſte to thy Mother, tell my Grief,
To help an harmleſs injur'd Maid,
That ſhe may quickly ſend Relief,
And ſave a Heart that is betray'd

SONG XV.

Clarinda, the Pride of the Plain,
So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,
Sat penſive, and folding her Arms;
Her Lute, and her ſhining Attire,
Neglected, were laid at her Side:
While pining with hopeleſs Deſire,
The Damſel thus mournfully cry'd;

Oh! cou'd the paſt Hours but return!
When I triumph'd in *Angelot*'s Heart!
Clarinda would mutually burn,
Would mutually ſuffer the Smart:
But far from the Plain he is gone,
Enjoys the ſweet Smiles of a Fair,
Whoſe Kindneſs the Shepherd has won,
And *Clarinda* no more is his Care.

How oft at theſe Feet has he lain,
Bewailing his ſorrowful Fate!
But all his Complaints were in vain,
I fooliſhly doated on State;
I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
To ſparkle in golden Array,
By my Dreſs, and my Charms to be known,
In the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.

I thought, without Grandeur and Fame,
That Marriage no Bleſſing could prove;
Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim,
And I ſlighted poor *Angelot*'s Love:
Such Madneſs beſotted my Mind,
I receiv'd all his Sighs with Diſdain;
I regarded his Vows but as Wind,
And ſcornfully ſmil'd at his Pain.

How

How happy my Fortune had been,
Could my Reaſon have conquer'd my Pride?
In Bliſs I had rival'd a Queen,
Had I been my dear *Angelot*'s Bride.
With him more Content I had found,
Than Grandeur and Fame can ſupply;
For his Fondneſs my Wiſhes had crown'd,
With a Paſſion that never would die.

I had feaſted on innocent Joy,
On the Pleaſures of Kindneſs and Eaſe;
While the Fears which the Great-Ones annoy,
Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
But ah! that glad Proſpect is gone,
His Love I can never regain:
And the Loſs I ſhall ever bemoan,
'Till Death ſhall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the ſad Nymph all in Tears,
When the Swain to the Green did advance
In his Hand his new Conſort appears,
With a Train gaily join'd in a Dance:
Impatient, and ſick at the Sight,
To the neighbouring Grove ſhe retir'd,
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

SONG XVI.

OH! think not the Maid whom you ſcorn
With Riches delighted can be;
Had I a great Princeſs been born,
My *Billy* had dear been to me:
In Grandeur and Wealth we find Woe,
In Love there is nothing but Charms,
On others your Treaſures beſtow,
Give *Billy* alone to theſe Arms.

In

In Title and Wealth what is loſt,
In Tenderneſs oft is repaid:
Too much a great Fortune may coſt,
Well purchas'd may be the poor Maid;
Let Gold's empty Show cheat the Great,
We more real Pleaſures will prove;
While they in their Palaces hate,
We in our poor Cottage will love.

SONG XVII.

AH! whither, whither ſhall I fly,
A poor unhappy Maid?
To hopeleſs Love and Miſery
By my own Heart betray'd:
Not by *Alexis'* Eyes undone,
Nor by his charming faithleſs Tongue,
Or any practis'd Art:
Such real Ills may hope a Cure,
But the ſad Pains which I endure,
Proceed from fancy'd Smart.

'Twas Fancy gave *Alexis* Charms,
E'er I beheld his Face:
Kind Fancy then could fold our Arms,
And form a ſoft Embrace:
But ſince I've ſeen the real Swain,
And try'd to fancy him again,
I'm by my Fancy taught,
Tho' 'tis a Bliſs no Tongue can tell,
To have *Alexis*, yet 'tis Hell
To have him but in Thought.

SONG

SONG XVIII.

AS *Sparabella* penſive lay,
In deary Shade along,
With woful Mood, the Love-lorn Maid
Thus wail'd in plaining Song.
The Tears forth ſtreaming from her Eyes,
Adown her Cheeks faſt flow:
Her Eyes, which now no longer ſhine,
Her Cheeks no longer glow.

Ah! well-a-day! does *Colin* then
Make Mock of all my Smart?
Has he ſo ſoon forgot his Vows,
Which won my Maiden Heart?
Ah witleſs Damſel! why did I
So ſoon myſelf reſign?
Ah! why didſt thou, falſe Shepherd, ſay,
Thy Heart ſhould ſtill be mine?

Oh! *Colin*, *Colin*, call to mind
What you to me did ſay,
As we in yonder Field were laid
Beneath the cocking Hay;
Whilſt tenderly I ſtroak'd thy Cheeks,
My Apron o'er thee ſpread,
Snatch'd haſty Kiſſes from thy Lips,
And lull'd thy leaning Head.

Did you not ſwear, that Hounds ſhou'd firſt
With tim'rous Hares unite;
The Fox with Geeſe, with Lambs the Dog,
And with the Hen the Kite:
The Moon (that roves like thee) ſhou'd fail,
The Stars benighted prove,
The Sun (that burns like me) ſhou'd ceaſe
To ſhine, e'er thou to love.

Oh!

Oh! then let wide Confuſion reign,
The Hound with Hares unite;
The Fox with Geeſe, with Lambs the Dog,
And with the Hen the Kite:
Thou Sun, no more with Glory ſhine,
Ye Stars extinguiſh'd be;
Drop down, thou Moon, and fall to Earth,
For *Colin*'s falſe to me.

The Damſel thus, with Eyes brim-full,
Rehears'd her piteous Woes,
When ſhe perceiv'd her fading Life
Draw near, alas! its Cloſe.
But firſt, forewarn'd by me, poor Maid!
Ah! Maid no more, ſhe cry'd,
Ye Laſſes all, ſhun flatt'ring Swains;
Then clos'd her Eyes, and dy'd.

SONG XIX.

YOung I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a Lover yield:
How to keep, or how to gain;
When to love, and when to feign.
Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true;
E'er I can my Soul diſguiſe,
Heave my Breaſts, and roll my Eyes.
Stay not 'till I learn the Way,
How to lie and to betray:
He that has me firſt is bleſs'd,
For I may deceive the reſt.
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love, and full of Truth;
Briſk and of a janty Mien,
I ſhou'd long to be Fifteen.

SONG

SONG XX.

IN vain poor *Damon* proſtrate lies,
And humbly trembles at my Feet,
While pleading Looks, and begging Sighs,
With moving Eloquence entreat.
Pity perſuades my trembling Breaſt,
That Pains ſo great ſhould be redreſs'd.

But ſome ſtrange Whiſper interceeds,
And tells me I muſt let him wait,
And make him ſeal reſtrictive Deeds,
E'er I admit him to my State.
Women ſhould triumph whilſt they can,
Since Marriage makes 'em Slaves to Man.

SONG XXI.

GEnteel in Perſonage,
Conduct, and Equipage,
Noble by Heritage,
Generous, and free;
Brave, not romantick;
Learn'd, not pedantick;
Frolick, not frantick?
This muſt be he.

Honour maintaining,
Meanneſs diſdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new:
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical;
But ever true.

SONG

SONG XXII.

Strephon when you ſee me fly,
Let not this your Fear create,
Maids may be as often ſhye
Out of Love, as out of Hate:
When from you I flye away,
It is becauſe I dare not ſtay.
Did I out of Hatred run,
Leſs you'd be my Pain and Care;
But the Youth I love, to ſhun,
Who can ſuch a Trial bear?
Who, that ſuch a Swain did ſee,
Who could love and flye like me?
Cruel Duty bid me go,
Gentle Love commands me ſtay;
Duty's ſtill to Love a Foe,
Shall I This, or That obey!
Duty frowns and *Cupid* ſmiles,
That defends, and This beguiles.
Ever by theſe Chryſtal Streams
I could ſit, and hear thee ſigh:
Raviſh'd with theſe pleaſing Dreams,
Oh! 'tis worſe than Death to flye:
But the Danger is ſo great,
Fear gives Wings, inſtead of Hate.
Strephon, leave me, if you love me,
If you ſtay I am undone;
Oh! with eaſe you may deceive me,
Prithee, charming Swain, begone:
Heav'n decrees that we ſhould part,
That has my Vows, but you my Heart.

SONG

SONG XXIII.

GIRLS, beſure, make Men ſecure,
Be never coy in Carriage;
Put on each Grace, and taking Lure,
And when he offers Marriage,
Make no Refuſes,
And faint Excuſes,
But kindly hug the Proffer;
Let Inclination then prevail,
A ſeeming Slight may turn the Scale,
And ſhe will die a Maiden ſtale,
That ever refuſes the Offer.

SONG XXIV.

FArewel, thou falſe *Philander*,
Since now from me you rove,
And leave me here to wander,
No more to think of Love:
I muſt for ever languiſh,
I muſt for ever mourn;
From Love I now am baniſh'd,
And ſhall no more return.

Farewel, deceitful Traytor,
Farewel, thou perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature,
Believe your Vows again:
The Paſſion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
For now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you diſdain.

SONG

SONG XXV.

LOVE's but the Frailty of the Mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A ſickly Flame, which, if not fed, expires,
And feeding, waſtes in ſelf-conſuming Fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy,
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom inferior Beauties ſigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the Cónqueſt prize,
When I inſult a Rival's Eyes;
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I ſee,
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

SONG XXVI.

TELL my *Strephon* that I die,
Let Echoes to each other tell,
Till the mournful Accents fly
To *Strephon*'s Ear, and all is well.

But gently breath the fatal Truth,
And ſoften ev'ry harſher Sound;
For *Strephon*'s ſuch a tender Youth,
The ſofteſt Words too deep will wound.

Now Fountains, Echoes, all be dumb,
For ſhould I coſt my Swain a Tear,
I ſhould repent it in my Tomb,
And grieve I bought my Reſt ſo dear.

SONG XXVII.

OH fie! what mean I, fooliſh Maid,
In this remote and ſilent Shade,
To meet with you alone?
My Heart does with the Place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine:
Oh! I ſhall be undone.

A Savage Beaſt I wou'd not fear;
Or, ſhou'd I meet with Villains here,
I to ſome Cave wou'd run:
But ſuch inchanting Arts you ſhew,
I cannot ſtrive, I cannot go:
Oh! I ſhall be undone.

Ah! give thoſe ſweet Temptations o'er,
I'll touch thoſe dang'rous Lips no more—
What, muſt we yet fool on?
Ah! now I yield; ah! now I fall;
And now I have no Breath at all:
And now I'm quite undone.

I'll ſee no more your tempting Face,
Nor meet you in this dangerous Place;
My Fame's for ever gone.
But Fame, to ſpeak the Truth, is vain,
And every yielding Maid does gain,
By being ſo undone.

In ſuch a pleaſing Storm of Bliſs,
To ſuch a Bank of Paradiſe,
Who wou'd not ſwiftly run?
If you but Truth to me will ſwear,
We'll meet again, nor do I care
How oft I am undone.

SONG

SONG XXVIII.

WHilſt *Strephon*, in his Pride of Youth,
To me alone profeſs'd
Diſſembled Paſſion, dreſs'd like Truth,
He triumph'd in my Breaſt.

I lodg'd him near my yielding Heart,
Deny'd him not my Arms;
Deluded by his pleaſing Art,
Tranſported with his Charms.

The Wanderer now I loſe, or ſhare
With every lovely Maid:
Who makes the Heart of Man her Care,
Shall have her own betray'd:

Our Charms on them we vainly prove,
And think we Conqueſt gain;
Where one a Victim falls to Love,
A thouſand Tyrants reign.

SONG XXIX.

FROM Place to Place, forlorn I go,
With down-caſt Eyes, a ſilent Shade;
Forbidden to declare my Woe,
To ſpeak, 'till ſpoken too, afraid.

Me, to the Youth who caus'd my Grief,
My too conſenting Looks betray;
He loves, but gives me no Relief,
Why ſpeaks not he who may?

SONG

SONG XXX.

WHAT! put off with one Denial?
And not make a ſecond Trial?
You might ſee my Eyes conſenting,
All about me was relenting:
Women, oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly ſtorms.

Lovers, when you ſigh and languiſh;
When you tell us of your Anguiſh;
To the Nymph you'll be more pleaſing,
When thoſe Sorrows you are eaſing;
We love to try how far Men dare,
And never wiſh the Foe ſhou'd ſpare,

SONG XXXI.

WIth ſighing and wiſhing, and Green-ſickneſs Diet,
With nothing of Pleaſure, and little of Quiet;
With a Granum's Inſpection, and Doctor's Direction,
But not the Specifick that ſuits my Complexion:
The Flow'r of my Age is full-blown in my Face,
Yet no Man conſiders my comfortleſs Caſe,

Young Women were valued, as I have been told,
In the late Times of Peace, above Mountains of Gold;
But now there is fighting, we are nothing but ſlighting,
Few Gallants in conjugal Matters delighting:
'Tis a ſhame that Mankind, ſhou'd love killing and (ſlaying,
And mind not ſupplying the Stock that's decaying,

Unlucky *Clarinda*, to love in a Seaſon,
When *Mars* has forgotten to do *Venus* Reaſon;

Had

Had I any Hand in Rule and Command,
I'd certainly make it a Law of the Land,
That Killers of Men, to repleniſh the Store,
Be bound to the Wedlock, and made to get more.

Enacted moreover, for better Diſpatch,
That where a good Captain meets with an O'er-match;
His honeſt Lieutenant, with Soldier-like Grace,
Shall relieve him on Duty, and ſerve in his Place:
Thus Killers and Slayers of able good Men,
Without Beat of Drum may recruit 'em again.

SONG XXXII.

IF I love a Man for his Money,
As many have done before,
Tho' to Night he may call me his Honey,
To Morrow he'll call me his Whore.

Then better be frank and free,
And love him for loving's ſake;
The ſooner we Women agree,
The better's the Bargain we make.

Chuſe you a dear Man that is kind,
That's generous, eaſy, and true,
And to keep him ſtill in the ſame Mind,
Do you keep yourſelf in the ſame too.

If when he begins to change,
You fiercely the Fault reprove,
He may like others, out of Revenge,
He ne'er cou'd have lik'd out of Love.

To all his Follies be blind,
But moſtly to that of roving;
When he is moſt croſs, be you moſt kind,
And teach him to love you by loving.

If with a hard Word he is vex'd,
A Kiſs will ſoon heal the Sore;
But if not one Kiſs, then try the next,
And if not the next, the next Score.

Thus ſoften him by degrees,
And bring him to your Lure:
By pleaſing him, yourſelf you may pleaſe,
And when you've half loſt him, ſecure.

SONG XXXIII.

BOAST not, miſtaken Swain, thy Art
To pleaſe my partial Eyes;
The Charms that have ſubdu'd my Heart,
Another may deſpiſe.

Thy Face is to my Humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps, by ſome fond Whim betray'd,
In Odneſs I delight.

Vain Youth, to your Confuſion know,
'Tis to my Love's Exceſs
You all your fancied Beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſs.

For your own ſake, if not for mine,
You ſhou'd preſerve my Fire:
Since you, my Swain, no more will ſhine,
When I no more admire.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The Wonder of your kind:
But be not of my Judgment proud;
Whom Love has render'd blind.

SONG XXXIV.

ALone, by a Fountain,
I preſs the cold Ground,
Leſt the Rock and the Mountain
My Grief ſhould reſound.

For the Man that's ſo dear,
I'll never diſcover,
Leſt the Eccho ſhould hear,
And repeat to my Lover.

The Pains that invade me
I never will tell,
Leſt the World ſhould upbraid me
With loving too well.

If my Truth cannot move,
No Fondneſs I'll ſhow;
'Tis enough that I love,
And too much he ſhould know.

SONG XXXV.

SHE that wou'd gain a conſtant Lover,
Muſt at a Diſtance keep the Slave;
Not by a Look the Heart diſcover,
Men ſhou'd but gueſs the Thoughts we have.

Whilſt they're in doubt, their Flame encreaſes,
And all Attendance they will pay;
When we're poſſeſs'd, their Tranſport ceaſes,
And Vows, like Vapours, fleet away.

SONG XXXVI.

O The Lads of *Edinbro*,
They are blith and jolly;
Fine as Lairds from Top to Toe,
Free fra Melancholy.
Had I one wi'me to lig,
I would be contented,
I'd nae longer care a Fig
What my Kin reſented.

Willie he's a bonny Lad;
O I wiſh he'd wed me!
He ſhou'd ken Iſe nae afraid
When he gangs to bed me.
A' Night long Iſe ne'er complain,
Tho' he jog'd me ſprightly;
But wad buckle too amain
When he meant to ſlight me.

Mither ſhe a Wife has been,
Fourteen Bearns ſhe weaned,
Time it is I ſhou'd begin,
Nature ſhe ſae meaned.
O ſome Lad of *Edinbro*,
Tak me 'ſore I'm fading;
If you lag, the Fault's on you
That I lig a Maiden.

SONG XXXVII.

THO' *Damon* is haughty, and ſeems to deſpiſe
The Fetters he lately has worn;
Yet he knows in his Soul, that his *Phillis*'s Eyes,
Were ſhe willing, cou'd conquer his Scorn.
Then let not Preſumption ſo blind thee, fond *Damon*,
To think that this Humour ſhall e'er bring my Flame on.

If he had been humble, obliging, and free,
Perhaps I had pity'd his Pain;
But, ſince Pride and Inconſtancy in him I ſee,
He ſhall know he's but lengthen'd his Chain:
For, now I perceive what the Fop does endeavour,
My Arts ſhall detain him my Captive for ever.

SONG XXXVIII.

WHEN Slaves their Liberty require,
They hope no more to gain;
But you not only that deſire,
But ask the Power to reign.

Think how unjuſt a Suit you make,
Then you will ſoon decline;
Your Freedom, when you pleaſe, pray take,
But treſpaſs not on mine.

No more in vain, *Alcander*, crave,
I ne'er will grant the Thing,
That he, who once has been my Slave,
Shou'd ever be my King.

SONG XXXIX.

WHEN Lovers for Favours petiſion,
Oh then they approach with Reſpect;
But when in our Hearts they've Admiſſion,
They treat us with Scorn and Neglect;
'Tis dang'rous ever to try them,
So artful are Men to deceive,
'Tis ſafer, much ſafer, to fly them,
So eaſy are Maids to believe.

SONG XL.

CUſtom, alas! doth partial prove,
Nor gives us even Meaſure:
To Maids it is a Pain to love,
But 'tis to Men a Pleaſure.

They freely can their Thoughts explain,
Whilſt ours muſt burn within;
We have got Eyes and Tongues in vain,
And Truth from us is Sin.

Men to new Joys and Conqueſts fly,
And yet no Hazard run.
Poor we are left if we deny;
Or if we yield, undone.

Then equal Laws let Cuſtom find,
Nor either Sex oppreſs:
More Freedom give to Womankind,
Or give to Mankind leſs.

SONG XLI.

DAmon ask'd me but once, and I gave him Denial,
Intending to ſnap him the very next Tryal:
But, alas! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
And now makes his Court to the fair *Leonore*.
But I'll have a good Heart, ſince I'm full well aſſur'd
He ne'er would have taken a Maid at her Word,
If he had been worth keeping: for this I diſcover,
He that takes the firſt Nay, is a very cold Lover.
If deep were his Wound, if ſincere were his Pain,
I know he'd have ask'd me again and again:
Then adieu, let him go; for why ſhould I vex?
Since if he'd been ſerious, he'd allow'd for the Sex.

SONG XLII.

WHERE is he gone whom I adore?
The God-like Man I ſee no more?
Yet, without Reſt, his Tyrant Charms
Rent in my Breaſt ſtill new Alarms.

Aſſiſt, dear Honour, take my Part,
Or I am loſt with all my Art;
Tear his Idea from my Breaſt,
Tho' with it I am more than bleſt.

My Reaſon too, prepare your Arms,
Leſt he return with greater Charms;
Love's fatal and impriſon'd Dart,
Draw from my tender bleeding Heart.

SONG XLIII.

TOO plain, dear Youth, theſe tell-tale Eyes
My Heart your own declare;
But, for Heaven's ſake, let it ſuffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt Pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your Sway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhou'd obey.

But cou'd your Arts ſucceſsful prove,
Wou'd you a Maid undo,
Whoſe greateſt Failing is her Love,
And that her Love for you.

Say, wou'd you uſe that very Pow'r
You from her Fondneſs claim,
To ruin in one fatal Hour,
A Life of ſpotleſs Fame?

Ah! ceaſe, my Dear, to do an Ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmoſt Skill
To ſave me than betray.

Be you your ſelf my Virtue's Guard,
Defend, and not purſue,
Since 'tis a Task, for me too hard,
To ſtrive with Love and you.

SONG XLIV.

'TWAS when the Seas were roaring,
With hollow Blasts of Wind,
A Damsel lay deploring,
All on a Rock Reclin'd;
Wide o'er the foaming Billows
She cast a wishful Look,
Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days;
Why did'st thou, vent'rous Lover,
Why didst thou trust the Seas!
Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover rest,
Ah! what's thy troubled Motion
To that within my Breast?

The Merchant robb'd of Treasure,
Views Tempests in Despair;
But what's the Loss of Treasure,
To losing of my Dear!
Shou'd you some Coast be laid on,
Where Gold and Di'mond's grow,
You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
Hath nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the Water
Doth hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes those Rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her Dear,
Repaid each Blaſt with Sighing,
Each Billow with a Tear,
When o'er the wide Waves ſtooping,
His floating Corps ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a Lilly drooping,
She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

SONG XLV.

OH! I'll have a Husband, ay marry,
For why ſhould I longer tarry
For why ſhould I longer tarry
Than other briſk Girls have done?
For, if I ſtay,
'Till I grow grey,
They'll call me old Maid,
And fuſty old Jade,
So I'll no longer tarry,
But I'll have a Husband, ay marry,
If Money will buy me one.

My Mother ſhe ſays I'm too coming,
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
That I ſuch vain Thoughts ſhould ſhun:
My Siſters they cry,
O fie! and oh fie!
But yet I can ſee,
They're as coming as me;
So let me have Husbands in plenty,
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than die an old Maid undone.

SONG XLVI.

THO' Ladies look gay, when of Beauty they boaſt,
And Miſers are envy'd, when Wealth is increas'd;
The Vapours oft kill all the Joys of a Toaſt,
And the Miſer's a Wretch, when he pays for the Feaſt.

The Pride of the Great, of the Rich, of the Fair,
May pity beſpeak, but Envy can't move;
My Thoughts are no farther aſpiring,
No more my fond Heart is deſiring,
Than Freedom, Content, and the Man that I love.

SONG XLVII.

HOW wretched is a Woman's Fate,
No happy Change her Fortune knows;
Subject to *Man* in every State,
How can ſhe then be free from Woes?

In Youth a Father's ſtern Commands;
And jealous Eyes controul her will;
A lordly Brother watchful ſtands
To keep her cloſer Captive ſtill.

The Tyrant Husband next appears,
With awful and contracted Brow;
No more a Lover's Form he wears,
Her Slave's become her Sov'reign now.

If from this fatal Bondage free,
And not by Marriage Chains confin'd;
She, bleſt with ſingle Life, can ſee
A Parent fond, a Brother kind.

Yet Love uſurps her tender Breaſt,
And paints a Phœinx to her Eyes;
Some darling Youth diſturbs her Reſt,
And painful Sighs in Secret riſe.

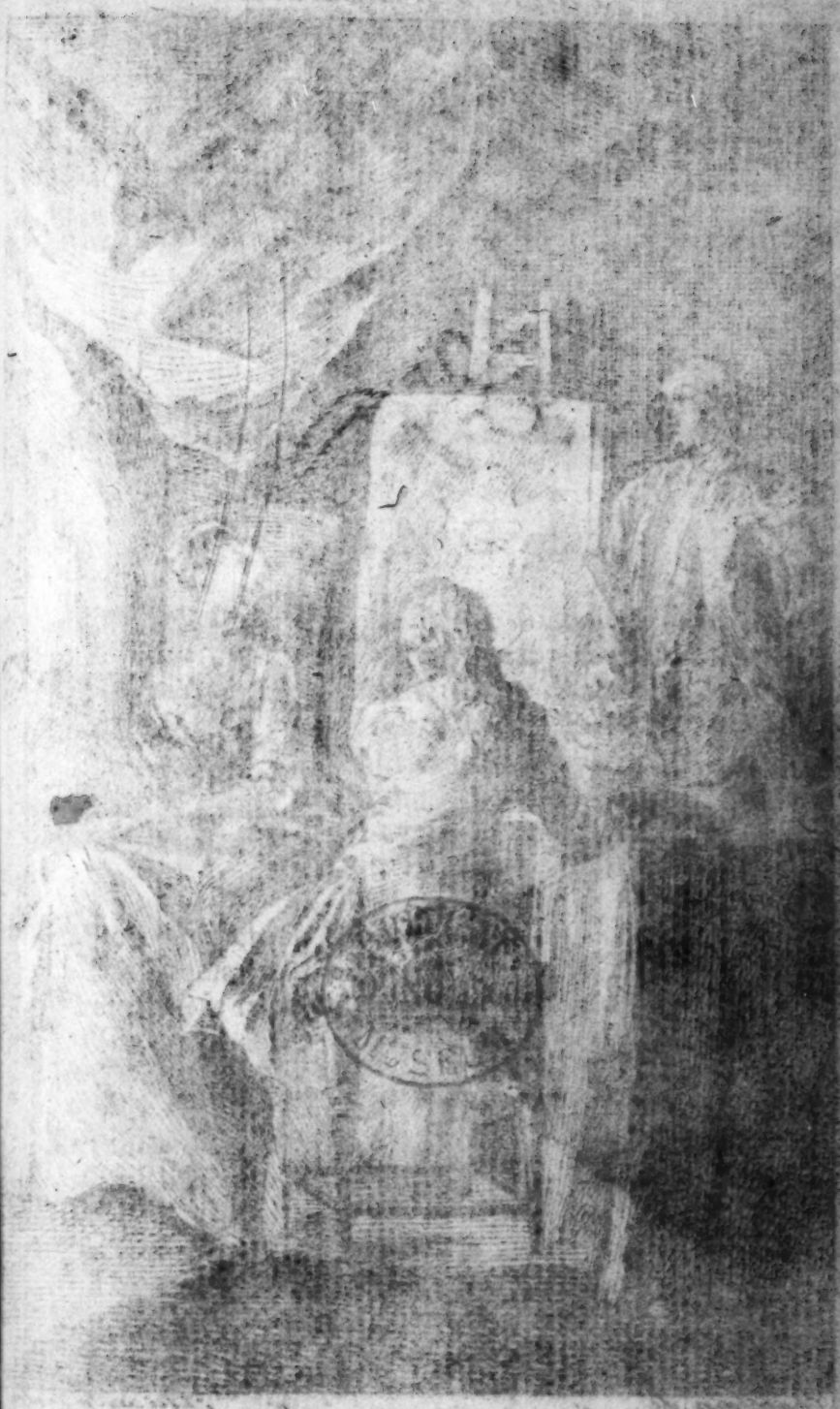
Oh, cruel Powers, ſince you've deſign'd
That Man, vain Man, ſhou'd bear the Sway,
To a Slave's Fetters add a ſlaviſh Mind,
That I may chearfully your Will obey.

SONG XLIII.

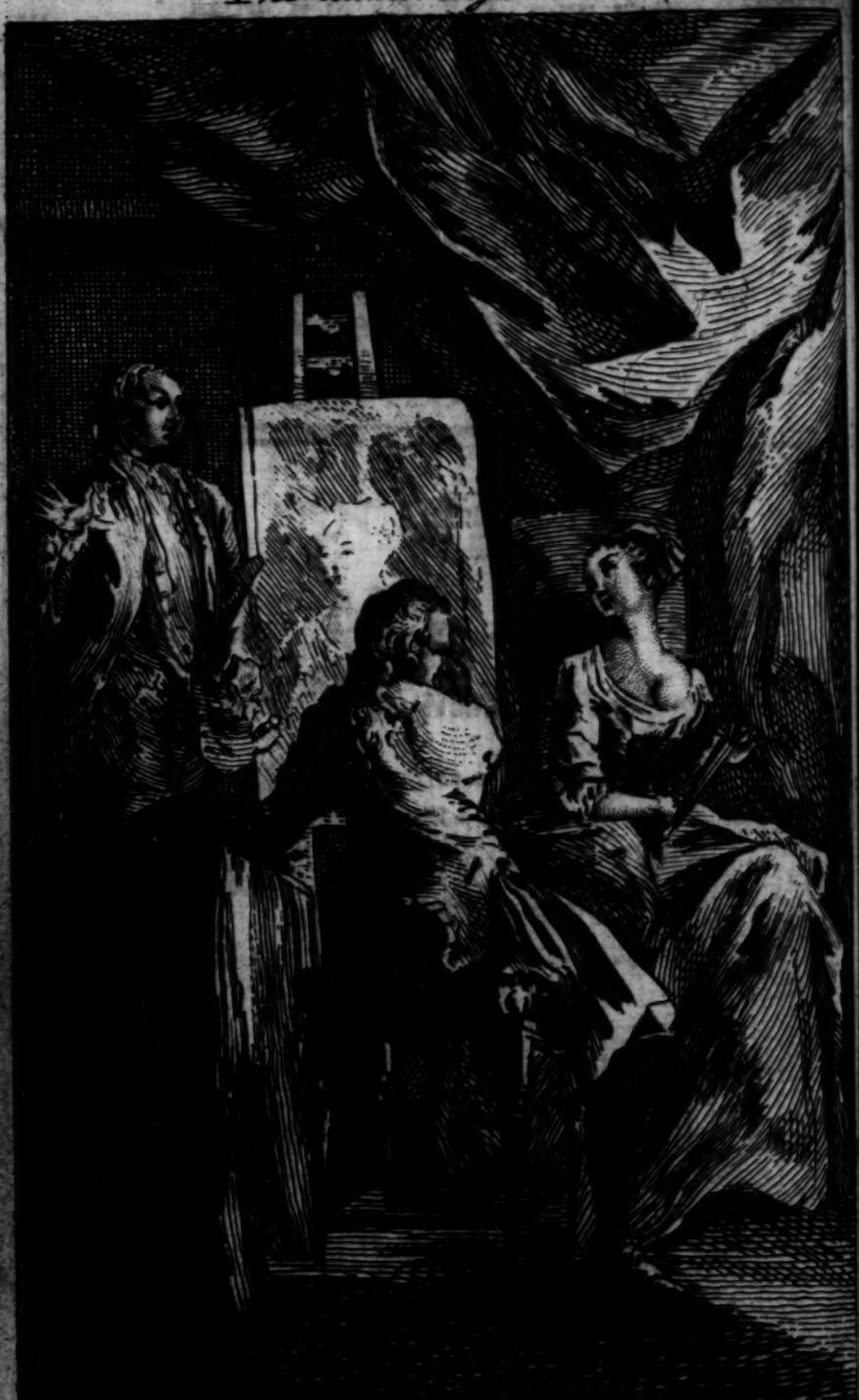
IS there on Earth a Pleaſure
Dearer than Virtue's Fame?
In vain's the real Treaſure,
When we have loſt the Name,

Then let each Maid maintain it;
'Twill ask the niceſt Care;
Once loſt, ſhe'll ne'er regain it,
All, all is then Deſpair.

THE



The Admiring Lover



Chatelain, de. J. Scotin, fa. sculp.

Forbear, th' Admirer cries, 'its languid, faint.
Apelles only can a Venus Paint.

THE ADMIRING LOVER.

SONG I.

WHEN *Fanny*, blooming Fair,
First caught my ravish'd Sight,
Pleas'd with her Shape and Air,
I felt a strange Delight,
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring every Part,
And every Feature prais'd,
She stole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes,
Ten thousand Loves appear;
There *Cupid* basking lies,
His Shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd,
With Colour all their own;
Excelling far the Pride
Of Roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd Limbs confess
The lucky Hand of *Jove*;
Her Features all express
The beauteous Queen of Love.
What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breast
Of that too charming Maid
Rise, suing to be prest.

Venus

Venus round *Fanny's* Waſte,
Has her own *Ceſtus* bound;
There guardian *Cupids* grace,
And dance the Circle round.
How happy muſt he be,
Who ſhall her Zone unloſe?
That Bliſs, to all but me,
May Heaven and ſhe refuſe.

SONG II.

OBSERVE the num'rous Stars which grace
The fair expanded Skies,
So many Charms has *Lesbia's* Face,
A thouſand more her Eyes.

Whene're the beauteous Maid appears,
We cannot but admire:
But when ſhe ſpeaks, ſhe charms our Ears,
And ſets our Souls on Fire.

What Pity 'tis, a Creature,
By Nature form'd ſo fair,
Divine in ev'ry Feature,
Should give Mankind Deſpair.

She gazes all around her,
And gains a thouſand Hearts;
But *Cupid* cannot wound her,
For ſhe has all his Darts.

SONG III.

BElinda's bleſt with ev'ry Grace;
See Beauty triumphs in her Face:
Her Charms ſuch lively Rays diſplay,
They kindle Darkneſs into Day.
When ſhe appears, all Sorrow flies,
And Gladneſs ſparkles in our Eyes;
Around her wait the flutt'ring Loves,
When graceful in the Dance ſhe moves.

SONG IV.

WE all to conquering Beauty bow,
It's pleaſing Power admire;
But I ne'er knew a Face till now,
That cou'd like yours inſpire;

Now I may ſay I met with one
Amazes all Mankind;
And like Men gazing on the Sun,
With too much Light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
When longing Lovers meet;
Like the divining Prophets, wiſe;
Like new-blown Roſes, ſweet.

Modeſt, yet gay; reſerv'd, yet free;
Each happy Night a Bride:
A Mein like awful Majeſty,
And yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch to win a Wife,
Chaſte, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
And never thought it long.

Ah!

Ah! were you to reward such Cares,
And Life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
Would seem but as one Day.

SONG V.

THO' Beauty like the Rose
That smiles on *Polwarth* Green,
In various Colours shows,
As 'tis by the Fancy seen:
Yet all its different Glories lie
United in thy Face;
And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
Gives Rays to every Grace.

So charming is her Air,
So smooth, so calm her Mind,
That to some Angel's Care
Each Motion seems assign'd:
But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
The joyful Moments fly,
As if for Wings they stole the Ray,
She darteth from her Eye.

Kind Am'rous *Cupids*, while
With tuneful Voice she sings,
Perfume her Breath, and smile,
And wave their balmy Wings:
But as the tender Blushes rise,
Soft Innocence doth warm,
The Soul in blissful Extasies
Dissolveth in the Charm.

SONG VI.

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* ſmiles,
Hamilla! heavenly Charmer,
See how with all their Arts and Wiles,
The Loves and Graces arm her.
A Bluſh dwells glowing on her Cheeks,
Fair Seats of youthful Pleaſures;
There Love in ſmiling Language ſpeaks,
There ſpreads his roſy Treaſures.

O faireſt Maid, I own thy Power,
I gaze, I ſigh, I languiſh;
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my Anguiſh.
But eaſe, oh Charmer! eaſe my Care,
And let my Torments move thee;
As thou art faireſt of the Fair,
So I the deareſt love thee.

SONG VII.

CHLOE, ſure the Gods above
For our Joys did you compoſe,
Graceful as the Queen of Love,
Wanton as the billing Dove,
Fragrant as the blowing Roſe.

Wit and Beauty both we find
Striving which ſhall arm you moſt:
Doubly, *Chloe*, thus you bind,
Had not Nature made you kind,
We, alas! were doubly loſt.

SONG VIII.

CHarming *Flavia* caſt your Eyes
On the Slave that's at your Feet,
See he panting, trembling Lies,
And dare not riſe 'till you think fit.

But rather, *Flavia*, let him lie;
When he, ambitious Slave, is dead,
Kings will his happy State envy,
And wiſh they in his Place had laid.

Then ſince to die at *Flavia's* Feet,
Can thus from Monarchs Envy move;
How bleſt the Youth! whom ſhe doth meet,
In all the Extaſies of Love!

Oh! were the mighty Bliſs but mine,
Immortal *Jove* would envy me;
'Midſt heavenly Joys he would repine,
And own me far more bleſt than he.

SONG IX.

THOU only Charmer I admire,
My Heart's Delight, my Soul's Deſire,
Poſſeſſing thee I've greater Store,
Than were I Lord of *Indian's* Shore.

Were every other Woman free,
And in the World no Man but me,
I'd ſingle thee from all the reſt,
To ſweeten Life and make me bleſt.

SONG X.

SO num'rous *Flavia*'s Charms appear,
As may her Form diſplay
In all the Dreſſes of the Year,
And Beauties of the Day.

Calm and ſerene, like *Spring* her Air;
Like *Autumn*, ſoft her Mold;
Her Face, like *Summer*, blooming fair;
Her Heart, like *Winter*, cold.

Her Boſom, *Cynthia*'s full-orb'd Light;
Her Cheeks, *Noon*'s Rays adorn;
Her Treſſes ſhew the falling *Night*:
Her Eyes, the riſing *Morn*.

SONG XI.

MY Goddeſs, *Lydia*, heavenly fair,
As Lilly ſweet, as ſoft as Air,
Let looſe thy Treſſes, ſpread thy Charms,
And to my Love give freſh Alarms.

O! let me gaze on thoſe bright Eyes,
Tho' ſacred Lightning from them flies,
Show me that ſoft, that modeſt Grace,
Which paints with charming red thy Face.

Give me *Ambroſia* in a Kiſs,
That I may rival *Jove* in Bliſs;
That I may mix my Soul with thine
And make the Pleaſure all divine.

O hide thy Boſom's killing white,
(The milky Way is not ſo bright)
Leſt you my raviſh'd Soul oppreſs
With Beauty's Pomp, and ſweet Exceſs.

Why draw'ſt thou from the purple Flood,
Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
Thou art all over endleſs Charms;
O take me dying to thy Arms!

SONG XII.

CHLOE when I view thee ſmiling,
Joys celeſtial round me move,
Pleaſing Viſions Care beguiling,
Guard my State and crown my Love.

To behold thee gaily ſhining,
Is a Pleaſure paſt deſigning,
Ev'ry Feature charms my Sight.
But, O Heav'ns! when I'm careſſing,
Thrilling Raptures never ceaſing,
Fill my Soul with ſoft Delight.

Oh! thou lovely deareſt Creature!
Sweet Enſlaver of my Heart;
Beauteous Maſter-piece of Nature,
Cauſe of all my Joy and Smart!

In thy Arms enfolded lay me,
To diſſolving Bliſs convey me,
Softly ſooth my Soul to reſt;
Gently, kindly, oh my Treaſure!
Bleſs me, let me die with Pleaſure,
On thy panting ſnowy Breaſt.

SONG XIII.

YOU meaner Beauties of the Night,
Who poorly satisfy our Eyes,
More with your Number than your Light,
Like common People of the Skies,
What are you when the Moon doth rise?

You Violets that first appear,
By your fine purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the Year,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown.

You warbling Chanters of the Wood,
Who fill our Ears with Nature's Lays,
Thinking your Passion's understood
By meaner Accents; what's your Praise,
When *Philomel* her Voice doth raise?

You glorious Trifles of the East,
Whose Estimations Fancies raise,
Pearls, Rubies, Sapphires, and the rest
Of glitt'ring Gems: What is your Praise,
When the bright Di'mond shews his Rays?

So when my Princess shall be seen
In Beauty of her Face and Mind,
By Virtue first, then Choice, a Queen;
Tell me if she were not design'd
T' Eclipse the Glory of her Kind?

The Rose, the Violet, the whole Spring,
Unto her Breath for Sweetness run,
The Di'mond's darken'd in the Ring,
If she appear the Moon's undone,
As in the Presence of the Sun.

SONG XIV.

PHILLIS has such charming Graces,
Beauty triumphs in her Eye;
She was made for the Embraces
Of some mighty Deity.
Phillis has such charming Graces,
I must love her though I die.

Have a Care, celestial Creature,
Coyness may your Beauty pall;
You an Angel are by Nature;
Angels by their Pride lost all.
Have a Care, celestial Creature,
Lest I triumph in your Fall.

SONG XV.

IN *Cloris* all soft Charms agree,
Inchanting Humour, pow'rful Wit:
Beauty from Affectation free,
And for eternal Empire fit.
Where'er she goes, Love waits her Eyes,
The Women envy, Men adore;
But, did she less the Triumph prize,
She wou'd deserve the Conquest more.

The Pomp of Love so much prevails,
She begs, what none else wou'd deny her;
Makes such Advances with her Eyes,
The Hopes she gives prevents Desire;
Catches at every trifling Heart,
Seems warm with ev'ry glimm'ring Flame,
The common Prey so deads the Dart,
It scarce can pierce a noble Game.

I cou'd lie Ages at her Feet,
Adore her, careleſs of my Pain,
With tender Vows her Rigours meet,
Deſpair, love on, and not complain.
My Paſſion from all Change ſecure,
No Favours raiſe, no Frown controuls,
I any Torment can endure,
But hoping with a Crowd of Fools.

SONG XVI.

WITH Virtues, Loves, and Graces join'd,
Not *Eve* in *Eden* e're ſhe ſin'd,
Clariſſa's various Charms out-ſhin'd,
And rais'd more Admiration.
Her Stature, Shape, her Mein and Air,
Her Boſom, Breaſts, her Neck and Hair,
Her Eyes ſo bright, and Face ſo fair,
Are fraughted with Temptation.

Ye Sages, ſay, by Fleſh and Blood,
How can ſuch Beauties be withſtood?
What Hermit wou'd not, if he cou'd,
To Wantonneſs perſuade her?
But round her Stock of Innocence,
The flaming Swords of Wit and Senſe,
Turn every Way, in her Defence,
Againſt the bold Invader.

O faireſt of the faireſt Kind,
Thou perfect Perſon, pureſt Mind,
Behold an amorous Swain reſign'd
Entire to your Devotion.
My Paſſion's bound thy Virtue's Slave!
No lawleſs Boon I'll dare to crave,
Nor indiſcreetly misbehave,
Tho' all my Soul's in Motion.

Yet

Yet, whilſt I melt in tender Sighs,
O let ſoft Pity meet my Eyes,
And gently treat the Sacrifice
Your Charms have made ſo willing.
While due Decorum I maintain,
O kindly uſe your love-ſick Swain;
Suſtain my Hopes, however vain,
For Frowns from you were killing.

When thus in ſacred Friendſhip bleſt,
Each ſhall create in th' other's Breaſt
A Pleaſure not to be expreſt,
Nor felt by fooliſh Rovers.
How gently then will Life decay,
And Time unheeded ſteal away
In Converſation good and gay,
Becoming virtuous Lovers?

SONG XVII.

A Beauteous Face, fine Shape, engaging Air,
With all the Graces that adorn the Fair,
If theſe cou'd fail their ſo accuſtom'd Parts,
And not ſecure the Conqueſt of our Hearts,
Sylvia has yet a vaſt Reſerve in Store,
At Sight we love, but Hearing muſt adore.

There falls continual Muſick from her Tongue,
The Wit of *Sappho*, with her artful Song;
From *Syrens* thus we loſe the Pow'r to fly,
We liſten from the Charm and ſtay to die,
Ah! lovely Nymph, I yield, I am undone,
Your Voice has finiſh'd what your Eyes begun.

SONG XVIII.

FOrgive, fair Creature, form'd to pleaſe,
Forgive a wond'ring Youth's Deſire:
Thoſe Charms, thoſe Virtues, when he ſees,
How can he ſee, and not admire?

While each the other ſtill improves,
The faireſt Face, the faireſt Mind;
Not, with the Proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind.

SONG XIX.

WHEN *Eliſmonda* ſhews her Face,
The killing Air, the melting Grace,
A thouſand Lovers round her fly,
A thouſand on her Beauties die.

In her ſmooth Cheeks are gaily ſpread
The Lilly's White, the Roſe's Red,
But never Odours of the Spring,
Such Incenſe as her Breath could bring.

What Raptures does her Voice diſpenſe!
How ſoft the Sounds, how ſtrong the Senſe?
The Sweetneſs reconciles the Smart,
And while it conquers, mends the Heart.

When other Dangers bend the Bow;
We fly the Field, or fight the Foe;
But here a different Turn is found,
We court the Dart, and kiſs the Wound.

SONG XX.

Chloris, I cannot say your Eyes
Did my unwary Heart surprize;
Nor will I swear it was your Face,
Your Shape, or any nameless Grace;
For you are so entirely fair,
To love a Part Injustice were.

No drowning Man can know which Drop
Of Water his last Breath did stop:
So when the Stars in Heav'n appear,
And join to make the Night look clear,
The Light we no one's Bounty call,
But the united Work of all.

He that doth Lips or Hands adore,
Deserves them only, and no more;
But I love all, and ev'ry Part,
And nothing else can ease my Heart.
Cupid that Lover weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

SONG XXI.

Without Affectation, gay, youthful, and pretty;
Without Pride or Meanness, familiar and witty;
Without Form obliging, good natur'd and free;
Without Art, as lovely as lovely can be.

She acts what she thinks, and thinks what she says,
Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise;
But her Thoughts and her Words, and her Actions are such,
That none can admire them, or praise them too much.

SONG XXII.

TELL me, dear Charmer, tell me why
All other Joys ſo quickly cloy,
All but the Joys of loving thee,
And they alone immortal be?
They neither dull the Mind nor Senſe,
Nor loſe their pleaſing Influence.

For ever I, with fierce Deſire,
Cou'd gaze on thee, and never tire;
My raviſh'd Ears cou'd all Day long
Feaſt on the Muſick of thy Tongue;
And when that fails, yet ſtill in you
I ſomething find that's ever new.

SONG XXIII.

DIvine *Cecilia*, now grown old,
Muſt yield to one of freſher Mold.
Her Strains brought Angels down to hear,
And liſten with a raviſh'd Ear:

But here ſuch Harmony of Shape,
Might tempt them to another Rape;
And make them leave their Heav'n behind,
To wed the Daughters of Mankind.

There needs no Angel from the Skies,
A real Goddeſs charms our Eyes;
As *Venus* to *Æneas* prov'd,
So look'd, ſo talk'd, ſo ſmil'd, ſo mov'd.

When *Purcel*'s melting Notes she sings,
Applauding *Cupids* clap their Wings,
Mistake her for their *Cyprian* Dame,
Her Infant too for one of them.

She graceful leads the dancing Choir,
As smooth as Air, as quick as Fire;
Now rising like the bounding Roe,
Now sinks as Flakes of feather'd Snow.

In sacred Story may be read,
How dancing cost St. *John* his Head;
We here expose a nobler Part,
For sure no Head is worth a Heart.

SONG XXIV.

Liberia's all my Thought and Dream,
She's all my Pleasure and my Pain;
Liberia's all that I esteem,
And all I fear is her Disdain.

Her Wit, her Humour, and her Face,
Please beyond all I felt before;
Oh! why can't I admire her less?
Or, dear *Liberia*, love me more.

Like Stars, all other female Charms
Ne'er touch my Heart, but feast mine Eye;
For she's the only Sun that warms,
With her alone I'd live and die.

Immortal Pow'rs, whose Work divine,
Inspires my Soul with so much Love,
Grant your *Liberia* may be mine,
And then I share your Joys above.

SONG XXV.

WHO wou'd not gaze away his Heart
On *Mariana*'s Eyes;
Did not her high and juſt Diſdain
The bold Delight chaſtiſe?

Mirth and Joy ſhe ſpreads around,
Like the Sun's chearful Light,
When his returning Beams deſtroy
The Empire of the Night.

Her Beauty with Amazement ſtrikes,
(If with no more) the old;
Her Virtue tempers with Deſpair
The Youthful and the Bold.

Her Goodneſs ſo diſarms her Wit
Of the offenſive Part;
Whilſt others only charm the Ear,
She ſteals the very Heart.

Let us no more deſame the Fair,
But learn to praiſe again;
Bright *Mariana*'s Worth demands
A new and nobler Strain.

So to the feather'd Kind the Spring
Reſtores their wonted Voice;
On ev'ry Bough they ſit and ſing,
And court their new-made Choice.

SONG XXVI.

TRanſporting *Cloe*, lovely fair,
How beauteous do thy Charms appear,
When ſmiling Graces from thee ſpring?
A thouſand *Cupids* in thy Eyes,
To touch the Heart with ſweet Surprize,
Their Bows with Vigour ſtring.

Goddeſs of immortal Pleaſure,
In thy Arms is Beauty's Treaſure:
Charming Rays around thee ſhine,
Roſes in thy Cheeks are blowing,
Muſick from thy Accents flowing;
Love creates thee all divine.

SONG XXVII.

WHilſt I fondly view the Charmer,
Thus the God of Love I ſue;
Gentle *Cupid*, pray diſarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do:
Of a thouſand Smiles bereave her,
Rob her Neck, her Lips, her Eyes;
The Remainder ſtill will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Paſſion,
Still in ev'ry Breaſt will move,
More is Supererogation
Mere Idolatry of Love:
You may dreſs a World of *Cloes*,
In the Beauty ſhe can ſpare:
Hear him, *Cupid*, who no Foe is
To your Altars, or the Fair.

SONG XXVIII.

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*?
Yet *Moggy*'s ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed:
Nor Daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing Roſe,
Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field,
Nor *Tweed*, gliding gently through thoſe,
Such Beauty and Pleaſure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thruſh;
The Black-bird, and ſweet cooing Dove,
With Muſick enchant ev'ry Buſh.
Come let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us ſee how the Primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome Village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd Folks ſing.

How does my Love paſs the long Day,
Does *Moggy* not tend a few Sheep?
Do they never careleſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's Murmurs ſhould lull her to Reſt,
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial Kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excel,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell;
She's faireſt, where thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks ſtray?
O! tell me at Noon where they feed?
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding *Tay*,
Or the pleaſanter Banks of the *Tweed*?

SONG XXIX.

CECILIA when with artful Note
You charm th' attentive Ear;
And warble from your tuneful Throat
What Seraphims might hear,

My Soul in Raptures feels the Song,
And dwells upon the Sound:
So *Syrens* draw the liſt'ning Throng,
And pleaſe them while they wound.

SONG XXX.

YOung *Annie*'s budding Graces claim
Th' inſpir'd Thought, and ſofteſt Lays,
And kindle in the Breaſt a Flame,
Which muſt be vented in her Praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you ſeen,
E'er one ſo like an Angel tread the Green.

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
When ſhe appears, take the Alarm;
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And wings an Arrow from each Charm:
Around her Eyes and Smiles, the Graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy Neck and Breaſt reſort.

But vain muſt ev'ry Caution prove,
When ſuch enchanting Sweetneſs ſhines;
The wounded Swain muſt yield to Love,
And wonder, though he hopeleſs pines.
Such Flames the foppiſh Butterfly ſhould ſhun,
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,
Her lovely Features are compleat:
Whilſt Heav'n, indulgent, makes her ſhare
With Angels, all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe Virtues which divinely deck her Mind,
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural Scenes,
Or ſparkles in the airy Town,
O happy he! her Favour gains;
Unhappy, if ſhe on him frown.
The Muſe, unwilling, quits the lovely Theme;
Adieu, ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her Name.

SONG XXXI.

YE Minutes bring the happy Hour
And *Cloe* bluſhing to the Bow'r;
Then ſhall all idle Flames be o'er,
Nor Eyes, or Heart, e'er wander more:
Both, *Cloe*, fix'd for e'er on thee,
For thou art all thy Sex to me.

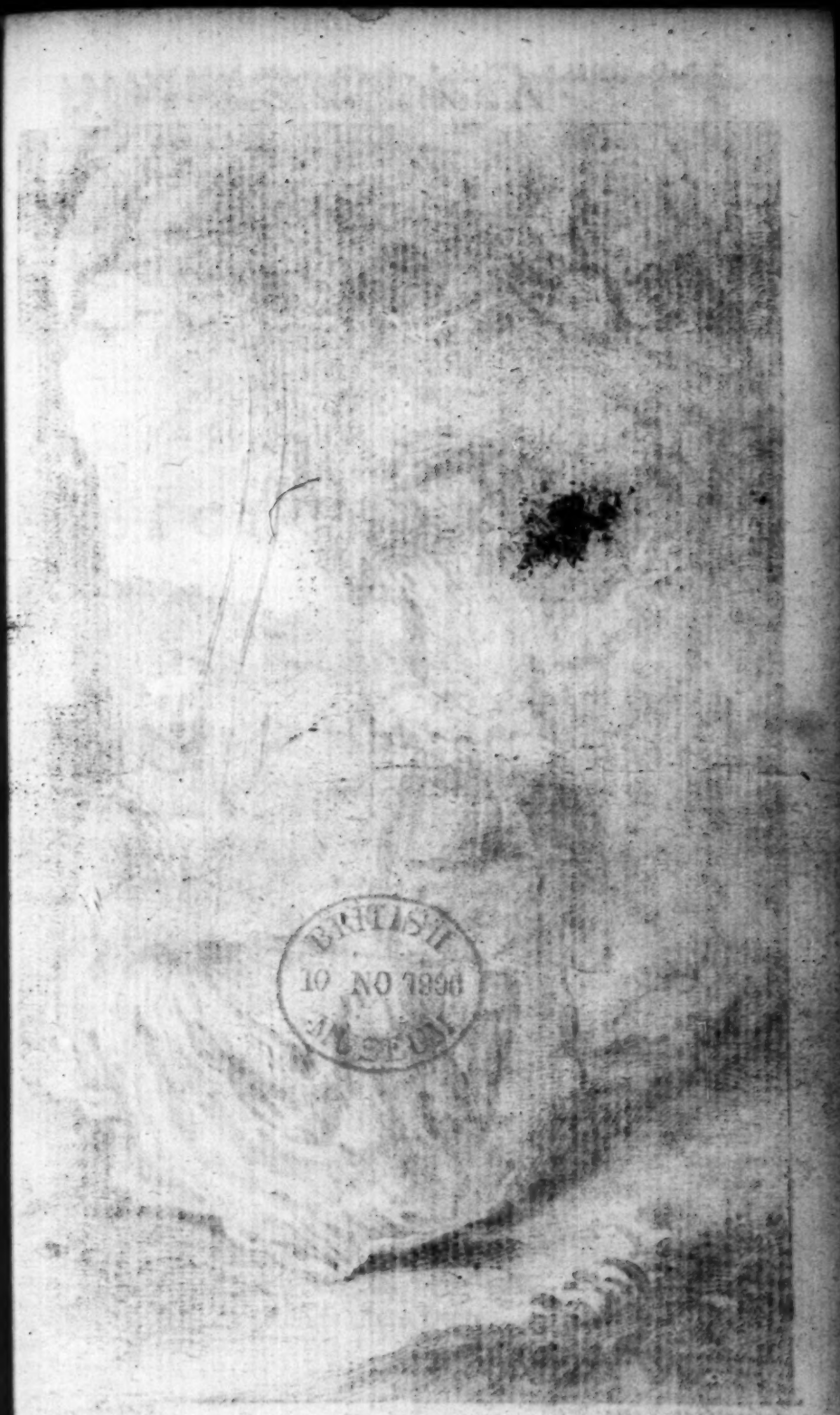
A Guilty is a falſe Embrace,
Corinna's Love's a Fairy Chaſe:
Begone thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
And all that can't ſurvive Deſire:
Cloe my Reaſon moves, and Awe,
And *Cupid* ſhot me when he ſaw.

SONG XXXII.

WHEN first *Pastora* came to Town,
The fresh Desires of every Heart,
Her Innocence so fenc'd her own,
She laught at *Cupid* and his Dart,

Her Looks might all the World enflame,
Themselves, yet cold as freezing Snow:
Which the bold Hand that thinks to tame,
Soon with unusual Heat will glow.

As when a Comet does appear,
We Stars and Moon no more respect,
So while *Pastora* guides our Sphere,
All former Beauties we neglect.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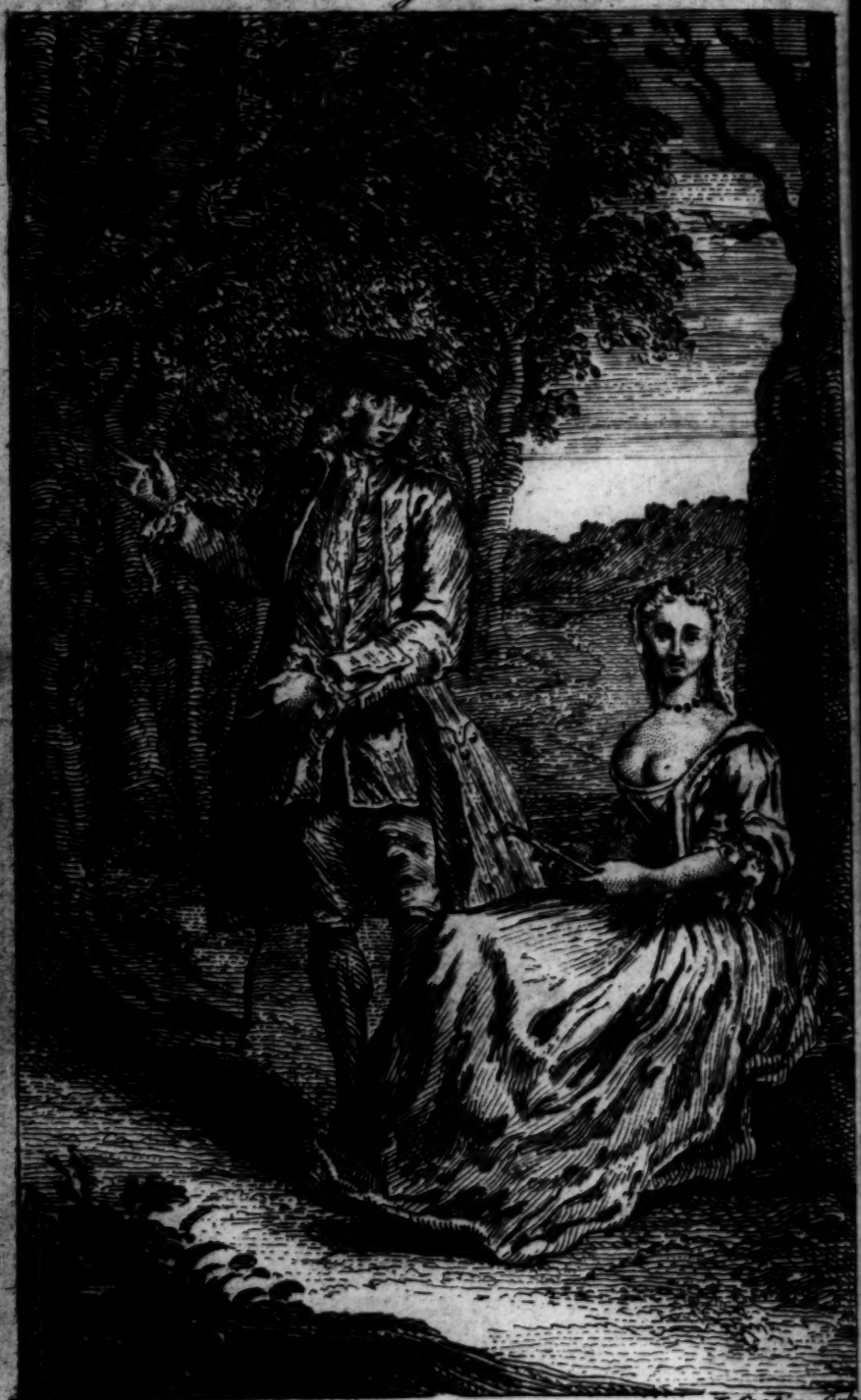
The Slighted Lover



Since hang'd in Hymen's Noose I must not be
This Noose shall bye me up to Yonders Tree.

THE SLIGHTED LOVER.

SONG I.

WHY will *Flora*, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd Eyes reprove?
And hide 'em from the only Face,
They can behold with Love

To ſhun her Scorn, and eaſe my Ca
I ſeek a Nymph more kind;
And while I rove from Fair to Fa
Still gentle Uſage find.

But Oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy,
Where Nature has no Part?
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But you engage my Heart.

So reſtleſs Exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where;
Yet languiſh for their native Home,
Tho' Death attends them there.

SONG II.

AH ſtay! ah turn! ah! whither would you flie,
Too charming, too relentleſs Maid!
I follow not to conquer, but to die;
You of the fearful are afraid.

In vain I call; for ſhe, like fleeting Air,
When preſt by ſome tempeſtuous Wind,
Flies ſwifter from the Noiſe of my Deſpair,
Nor caſts one pitying Look behind.

SONG III.

IF from the Luſtre of the Sun,
To catch your fleeting Shade you run,
In vain is all your Haſte, Sir;
But if your Feet reverſe the Race,
The Fugitive will urge the Chace
And follow you as faſt, Sir.

Thus, if at any Time, as now,
Some ſcornful *Cloe* you purſue,
In Hopes to overtake her;
Be ſure you ne'er too eager be,
But look upon't——as cold as ſhe,
And ſeemingly forſake her.

So I and *Laura* t'other Day,
Were courſing round a Cock of Hay,
While I could ne'er o're get her.
But when I found I ran in vain,
Quite tir'd, I turn'd back again,
And, flying from her, met her.

SONG IV.

BENEATH a Beach's grateful Shade,
Young *Colin* lay complaining;
He ſigh'd, and ſeem'd to love a Maid,
Without Hopes of obtaining:
For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,—
Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
Yet, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
That thus you cruelly uſe him?
If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone,
For which you ſhould excuſe him.
This Love, that fires my faithful Heart,
By all but thee's commended.
O! would'ſt thou act ſo good a Part,
My Grief might ſoon be ended.

That beauteous Breaſt, ſo ſoft to feel,
Seem'd Tenderneſs all over;
Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
'Gainſt thy deſpairing Lover.
Alas! tho' it ſhould ne'er relent,
Nor *Colins*'s Care e'er move thee,
Yet, 'till Life's lateſt Breath is ſpent,
My *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

SONG V.

CLOE be wiſe, no more perplex me,
Slight not my Love at ſuch a rate;
Should I your Scorn return, 'twill vex you,
Love, much abus'd, will turn to Hate.

Hou

How can ſo lovely fair a Creature,
Put on the Looks of cold Diſdain;
Women were firſt deſign'd by Nature,
To give a Pleaſure, not a Pain.

Kindneſs creates a Flame that's laſting,
When other Charms are fled away;
Think then the Time you now are waſting,
Throw off thoſe Frowns and Love obey.

SONG VI.

AH! the Shepherd's mournful Fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh;
To bear the ſcornful Fair one's Hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his Anguiſh.
Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs,
My ſecret Soul diſcover,
While Rapture trembling thro' my Eyes,
Reveal how much I love her.

The tender Glance, the red'ning Cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing Bluſhes,
A thouſand various Ways they ſpeak,
A thouſand various Wiſhes.
For oh! that Form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid Eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs Bluſh, and modeſt Air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every Look, and every Grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till Death o'er-take me in the Chace,
Still will my Hopes purſue thee.
Then when thy tedious Hours are paſt,
Be this laſt Bleſſing given,
Low at thy Feet to breath my laſt,
And die in Sight of Heaven.

SONG VII.

HEAR me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My Vows and Sighs, like ſilent Air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny Buſh aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That Day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought my ſelf the luckieſt Lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my amorous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender;
If more there paſt, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhows Diſdain,
And looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny Buſh bloom'd fair in *May*,
It's Sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Deſpair,
My Paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the Buſh aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

SONG VIII.

AROUND the Plains my Heart has rov'd,
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd,
The Pert, the Proud, by turns have lov'd,
And kindly fill'd my Arms.
I danc'd, I ſung, I talk'd, I toy'd,
While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
And e're the Kind with Kindneſs cloy'd,
The Coy reſign'd her Charms.

But now, alas! thoſe Days are done,
The wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
Who, like a frighted Bird, is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here.
O could I, yet, her Heart recal,
Before her Feet, my Pride would fall,
And for her Sake, forſaking all,
Wou'd fix for ever there.

SONG IX.

AH *Phillis!* why are you leſs *tender*
To my deſpairing *Amore!*
Your Heart you have promis'd to *tendre*,
Do not deny the *Retour:*
My Paſſion I cannot *defendre*,
No, no, Torments encreaſe *tous les Jours.*

To forget your kind Slave is *cruelle*,
Can you expect my *Devoir!*
Since *Phillis* is grown *infidelle*,
And wounds me at ev'ry *Revoir!*
Thoſe Eyes which were once *agreeable*,
Now, now, are Fountains of black *Deſpoſpire.*

Adieu

Adieu to my falſe *Eſperance*,
  Adieu *les Plaiſirs des beaux Jours*;
My *Phillis* appears at *Diſtance*,
  And ſlights my unfeigned *Efforts*:
To return to her Vows *impoſſible*,
  No, no, adieu to the Cheats of *Amours*.

SONG X.

THE Sun had juſt withdrawn his Fires,
  And *Phœbe* ſhone with milder Ray,
When *Thyrſis* to the Grove retires,
  As Love had pointed out the Way.

His trembling Knees the Turf receives,
  His aching Head the Cowſlips preſs;
His Breaſt, that Sighs alone had eas'd,
  At laſt gave Way to this Addreſs;

O Queen, that guid'ſt the ſilent Hours,
  If e'er *Endymion* ſooth'd thy Pain,
By all thy Joys in *Carian* Bow'rs,
  Reſtore me *Roſalind* again.

To thee my mournful Plaint I ſend,
  Protectreſs of the virtuous Mind,
Do thou thy chaſte Aſſiſtance lend,
  Venus is leud, and *Cupid* blind.

Behold theſe Cheeks, how pale, how wan!
  That once were grac'd with roſie Pride:
Dim are my Eyes, their Luſtre gone,
  My Lips a purple Hue deride.

To wretched me it nought avails,
  That *Phœbus* ſelf has ſtrung my Lyre;
Since *Plutus*, worthleſs God, prevails,
  And only ſordid Wealth can fire.

The

The Nightingale that pines with Love,
With melting Notes does Grief ſuſpend;
Me Verſe, nor ſweeteſt Sounds can move,
My Torments ſhe alone can end.

But hark, the Raven's direful Croak,
Join'd with the Owl's ill-boding Shriek;
In frightful Conſort Fate have ſpoke;
Alas! my Love-ſick Heart will break.

Too cruel Nymph, haſte, haſte away,
And ſee your Victim proſtrate lye;
I faint, I can no longer ſtay,
O *Roſalind*, for thee I die!

SONG XI.

CELIA, that I once was bleſt,
Is now the Torment of my Breaſt;
Since to cure me, you bereave me
Of the Pleaſure I poſſeſt:
Cruel Creature to deceive me,
Firſt to love, and then to leave me.

Had you the Bliſs refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the want;
But poſſeſſing once the Bleſſing,
Is the Cauſe of my Complaint.
Once poſſeſſing, is but taſting,
'Tis no Bliſs that is not laſting.

Celia now is mine no more,
But I am her's and muſt adore;
Not to leave her will endeavour,
Charms, that captiv'd me before,
No Unkindneſs can diſſever;
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

SONG

SONG XII.

WHY flies *Belinda* from my Arms!
Or ſhuns my kind Embrace?—
Why does ſhe hide her blooming Charms?
And where I come forſake the Place.

Like ſome poor Fawn, whom every Breath
Of Air does ſo ſurprize;
In the leaſt Wind he fancies Death,
And pants at each approaching Noiſe.

Leave, leave thy Mother's Arms, for Shame!
Nor fondly hang about her;
Thou'rt now of Age to play the Game,
And eaſe a Lover's Pain without her.

SONG XIII.

WHEN wil't thou break, my ſtubborn Heart?
O Death, how ſlow to take my Part!
Whatever I purſue, denies;
Death, Death it ſelf, like *Myra* flies.

Love and Deſpair, like Twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal Birth my Breaſt;
No Hope could be, her Scorn was all
That to my deſtin'd Lot cou'd fall.

I thought, alas! that Love cou'd dwell
But in warm Climes, where no Snow fell;
Like Plants that kindly Heat require,
To be maintain'd by conſtant Fire.

That, without Hope, 'twou'd die as ſoon,
A little Hope—But I have none:
On Air the poor Camelions thrive;
Deny'd even that, my Love can live.

As tougheſt Trees in Storms are bred,
And grow, in ſpite of Winds, and ſpread;
The more the Tempeſt tears and ſhakes
My Love, the deeper Root it takes.

Deſpair, that Aconite does prove,
And certain Death to others Love,
That Poiſon, never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turn to Food.

O! for what Crime is my torn Heart
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs Smart?
Like ſad *Prometheus*, thus to lie
In endleſs Pain, and never die.

THE

THE MODEST LOVER.

SONG I.

MISTAKE not, *Celia*, the Deſign,
When I your Worth proclaim;
Or dedicate a Verſe of mine,
To your diſtinguiſh'd Name.

The Muſes were ordain'd, to ſhew
The Glories of your Sex;
Then why ſhou'd what is ſung of you,
Your modeſt Mind perplex?

At Thoughts of you, my Muſe takes Wing,
My tender Boſom warms:
Indulge me then with Leave to ſing,
Or lay aſide your Charms.

No grateful Anſwer I deſire,
No Favours I implore;
'Tis all I want, or will require,
Allow me to adore.

SONG

SONG II.

O Why did e'er my Thoughts aſpire
To wiſh for that no Crown can buy;
'Tis Sacrilege, but to deſire
What ſhe in Honour will deny.

As *Indians* do the Eaſtern Skies,
I at a Diſtance muſt adore
The brighter Glories of her Eyes,
And never dare pretend to more.

SONG III.

I Look'd, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I cou'd ſpeak,
For I very fain wou'd have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my Paſſion to break,
Still then I ſaid leaſt of the Matter.

I ſwore to myſelf, and reſolv'd I wou'd try
Some Way my poor Heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I ſooner could die
Than live with forbearing to love her.

Dear *Celia* be kind then; and ſince your own Eyes
By Looks can command Adoration;
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe Oglings that tell you my Paſſion.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither ſhou'd ſpeak,
The Pleaſure we'll ſtill be purſuing;
And ſo without Words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good End of this Wooing.

SONG

The Modest Lover.

While thus dissolv'd in Sleep fair Celia Lies —
The Modest Lover feasts his longing Eyes. —

SONG IV.

SAY, cruel *Armoret*, how long
In Billet-doux, and humble Song,
Shall poor *Alexis* woo?
If neither writing, ſighing, dying,
Reduce you to a ſoft Complying,
O! when will you come to?

Full thirteen Moons are now paſs'd o'er,
Since firſt thoſe Stars I did adore,
That ſet my Heart on Fire:
The conſcious Play-houſe, Parks, and Court,
Have ſeen my Sufferings made you Sport,
Yet was I ne'er the nigher.

A faithful Lover ſhou'd deſerve,
A better Fate than thus to ſtarve,
In Sight of ſuch a Feaſt.
But oh! If you'll not think it fit
Your hungry Slave ſhou'd taſte one bit;
Give ſome kind Looks at leaſt.

SONG V.

MY Days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly,
With careleſs Eaſe, from Tree to Tree,
Were but as bleſt as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine encreas'd their Stream;
Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent a Sigh to them.

But

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught;
The tender Chains of ſweet Deſire,
Are fixt upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breaſt,
Does every Doubt controul;
And lovely *Nancy* ſtands confeſt,
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twiſting Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds,
Ye cloſe Retreats of Love;

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Aſſiſt the dear Deſign;
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
As much as of Deſpair;
And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the Paſſion in my Mind,
Is mixt with ſoft Diſtreſs;
But while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

SONG VI.

IT is not that I love you leſs
Than when before your Feet I lay;
But to prevent the ſad Encreaſe,
Of hopeleſs Love, I keep away.

In

In vain (alas) for every Thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old Wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring from the new Sun,
Already has a Feaver got,
Too late begins those Shafts to shun,
Which *Phœbus* through his Veins has shot.

Too late he would the Pain assuage,
And to thick Shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the Rage,
And in his tainted Blood the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd Servant trouble you?
For if I break, you may mistrust
The Vow I made to love you too.

SONG VII.

ALEXIS shun'd his fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports, and jocund Strains,
(Heaven guard us all from *Cupid*'s Bow!)
He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,
His Grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal Cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his Concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly Tears,
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda

Clorinda came amongſt the reſt,
And ſhe too, kind Concern expreſt,
And ask'd the Reaſon of his Woe:
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mien,
As made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
And will you pardon me he ſaid,
While I the cruel Truth reveal,
Which nothing from my Breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your Ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appeared on the Plain,
You are the Cauſe of all my Care:
Your Eyes ten thouſand Dangers dart,
Ten thouſand Torments vex my Heart,
I love and I deſpair.

Too much *Alexis* I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd:
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again,
To breathe your Vows, or ſpeak your Pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG VIII.

WHEN *Delia* on the Plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender Fears,
I would approach, but dare not move,
Tell me my Heart if this be Love.

Whene'er

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd Ear,
No other Voice, but her's can bear,
No other Wit, but her's approve,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love?

If ſhe ſome other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt Friend;
That Inſtant, Enemy I prove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love.

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all, that pleas'd before;
The cleareſt Spring, or ſhady Grove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love.

When arm'd with inſolent Diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph o'er my Pain;
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove,
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love.

SONG IX.

IF *Corinna* would but hear
What impatient Love cou'd ſay,
She would baniſh idle Fear,
And with eaſe his Laws obey;
She would ſoon approve the Song,
Like the Voice, and bleſs the Tongue.

Since to Silence I'm confin'd,
Sighs and Ogles muſt declare,
What torments my thoughtful Mind;
How I wiſh, and how deſpair:
All the Motions of my Heart,
Sighs and Ogles muſt impart.

SONG X.

WERE I to chooſe the greateſt Bliſs
That e'er in Love was known,
Twould be the higheſt of my Wiſh,
T'enjoy her Heart alone.

Kings might poſſeſs their Kingdoms free,
And Crowns unenvy'd wear,
They ſhould no Rival have of me,
Might I reign a Monarch there.

Hear, *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Air,
But whiſper out my Love,
And prove but half ſo kind as fair,
My Sorrow you'll remove.

Cynthia, Oh! let us happy be,
Unite our Hearts in Love,
I'd change not ſuch Felicity,
For all the Joys above.

SONG XI.

WHEN firſt I ſaw her graceful move,
Ah me, what meant my throbbing Breaſt?
Say, ſoft Confuſion, art thou Love?
If Love thou art, then farewel Reſt!

Since doom'd I am to love the Fair,
Though hopeleſs of a warm Return:
Yet kill me not with cold Deſpair;
But let me live, and let me burn.

With

With gentle Smiles aſſuage the Pain,
Thoſe gentle Smiles did firſt create;
And though you cannot love again,
In pity, oh, forbear to hate.

SONG XII.

CHarming *Cloe*, look with Pity
On your faithful, Love-ſick Swain:
Hear, oh hear his doleful Ditty,
And relieve his mighty Pain:
Find you Muſick in his ſighing,
Can you ſee him in Diſtreſs,
Wiſhing, trembling, panting, dying,
Yet afford no kind Redreſs?

Strephon woo'd by lawleſs Paſſion,
For no Favours rudely ſues;
All his Flame is out of Faſhion,
Ancient Honour from him woo's.
Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition,
But if that is deem'd too great,
Pity, pity his Condition,
Say at leaſt you do not hate.

Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,
Practis'd in the Art of Guile,
Slight ſo true, and kind a Lover,
Cloe, might not *Strephon* ſmile?
Yes: well pleas'd at thy undoing,
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid;
Strephon, conſcious of thy Ruin,
Soon wou'd be a ſilent Shade.

SONG XIII.

WHERE would coy *Aminta* run,
From a diſpairing Lover's Story?
When her Eyes have Conqueſts won,
Why ſhould her Ear refuſe the Glory?
Shall a Slave whom Racks conſtrain,
Be forbidden to complain?

Let her ſcorn me, let her fly me,
Let her Looks her Love deny me;
Ne'er can my Heart change for Relief,
Or my Tongue ceaſe to tell my Grief;
Much to Love, and much to Pray,
Is to Heaven the only Way.

SONG XIV.

I Did but look and love a while,
'Twas but for one half Hour;
Then to reſiſt I had no Will,
And now I have no Power.

To ſigh, and wiſh, is all my Eaſe;
Sighs, which do Heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldeſt Ice,
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

Oh! wou'd your Pity give my Heart
One Corner of your Breaſt;
'Twould learn of your's the winning Art,
And quickly ſteal the reſt.

SONG XV.

THO', *Phyllis*, you ſcorn my Addreſs,
Preferring a Rattle that's vain;
Yet know 'tis Reſpect in Exceſs,
My Freedom of Speech does reſtrain.
O cruel! conſider my Fire
Burns fiercer the more 'tis depreſs'd,
While his in a Flaſh does expire;
He talks of a Paſſion in jeſt.

How oft I've reſolv'd when alone,
In fitteſt Words then I cou'd chooſe,
My Affection ſo true to make known;
But Speech in your Preſence I loſe:
Still what I am going to ſay,
Seems fooliſh, ridiculous Stuff;
My Thoughts in a Chaos do play;
No Expreſſions are worthy enough.

O, Faireſt, your Servant believe,
This is of true Love the Effect;
And what greater Proof can he give?
For where there is Love, there's Reſpect.
All Scholars in young *Cupid*'s School
The Rhet'rick of Tongues ſtill deſpiſe;
'Tis in am'rous Converſe a Rule,
To talk the ſoft Language of Eyes.

SONG XVI.

PHILLIS, Men ſay that all my Vows
Are to thy Fortune paid:
Alas! my Heart he little knows,
Who thinks my Love a Trade.

Were I of all theſe Woods the Lord,
One Berry from thy Hand
More real Pleaſure wou'd afford,
Than all my large Command.

My humble Love has learnt to live
On what the niceſt Maid,
Without a conſcious Bluſh, may give
Beneath a Myrtle-ſhade.

Of coſtly Food it hath no need,
And nothing will devour:
But, like the harmleſs Bee, can feed,
And not impair the Flow'r.

A ſpotleſs Innocence like thine,
May ſuch a Flame allow;
Yet thy fair Name for ever ſhine,
As doth thy Beauty now.

SONG XVII.

THE Bird that hears her Neſtlings cry,
And flies abroad for Food,
Returns impatient through the Sky,
To nurſe the callow Brood.

The tender Mother knows no Joy,
But boads a thouſand Harms,
And ſickens for the darling Boy,
While abſent from her Arms.

Such Fondneſs, with Impatience join'd,
My faithful Boſom fires;
Now forc'd to leave my Fair behind,
The Queen of my Deſires!

The Powers of Verſe too languid prove,
All Similies are vain,
To ſhew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my Pain.

The Saint with fervent Zeal inſpir'd,
For Heaven and Joys divine,
The Saint is not with Raptures fir'd,
More pure, more warm, than mine.

I take what Liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to ſay more.
Convey my Longings to the Fair,
The Goddeſs I adore.

SONG XVIII.

TELL me not, I my Time miſpend,
'Tis Time loſt to reprove me;
Purſue thou thine, I have my End,
So *Chloris* only love me.

Tell me not others Flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them deſpiſe me,
Who more abound with Milk and Wool,
So *Chloris* only prize me.

Tire others eaſier Ears with theſe
Unappertaining Stories;
He never felt the World's Diſeaſe,
Who car'd not for its Glories.

For Pity, thou that wiſer art,
Whoſe Thoughts lye wide of mine;
Let me alone with my own Heart,
And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Nor blame him who e'er blames my Wit,
That ſeeks no higher Prize,
Than in unenvy'd Shades to ſit,
And ſing of *Chloris'* Eyes.

SONG XIX.

FOR many unſucceſsful Years,
At *Cynthia's* Feet I lay;
Batt'ring them often with my Tears;
I ſigh'd, but durſt not pray.
No proſtrate Wretch, before the Shrine
Of ſome lov'd Saint above,
E'er thought his Goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more awful Love.

Still the diſdainful Nymph look'd down,
With coy inſulting Pride;
Receiv'd my Paſſion with a Frown,
Or turn'd her Head aſide.
Then *Cupid* whiſper'd in my Ear,
Uſe more prevailing Charms;
You modeſt whining Fool, draw near,
And claſp her in your Arms:

With eager Kiſſes tempt the Maid;
From *Cynthia's* Feet depart;
The Lips he briskly muſt invade,
That wou'd poſſeſs the Heart.
With that I ſhook off all the Slave,
My better Fortunes try'd;
When *Cynthia* in a Moment gave
What ſhe for Years deny'd.

SONG

SONG XX.

A Gentle Warmth comes o'er my Heart,
Short pleaſing Sighs to blow the Fire;
Beauty and Youth can ne'er want Art
To heighten eager Love's Deſire.

I ſigh, and ſhe trembles,
Yet her Eyes ſhew ſome Joy,
Which ſhe'd fain diſſemble,
By ſeeming more coy.

Pr'ythee be no more coy,
Pr'ythee, *Cynthia*, my Dear,
We were made to enjoy
The ſweet Pleaſure we fear.

SONG XXI.

AS *Clintor* with *Amelia* ſat,
He (ſimple Swain) in idle Chat,
And uſeleſs Talk, the Time miſpent;
Which, to their mutual, great Content,
(Had Modeſty but left the Boy)
Had been employ'd in mutual Joy.

Her Lips, her Eyes, her Breaſts he prais'd,
Whilſt every Charm new Tranſports rais'd:
Tranſports—of Tongue; for that alone
Made all his Joys and Tranſports known,
Dull Joys! dull Tranſports! duller Boy!
That could ſuch Time ſo ill employ.

SONG XXII.

AT Break of Day, poor *Celadon*,
Hard by his Sheep-folds walk'd alone;
His Arms a-croſs, his Head bow'd down,
His oaten Pipe beſide him thrown;
When *Thirſis*, hidden in a Thicket by,
Thus heard the diſcontented Shepherd cry;

What is it *Celadon* has done,
That all his Happineſs is gone!
The Curtains of the Dark are drawn,
And chearful Morn begins to dawn,
Yet in my Breaſt 'tis ever dead of Night,
That can admit no Beam of pleaſant Light.

Yon pretty Lambs do leap and play,
To welcome the new kindled Day,
Your Shepherd harmleſs, as are you,
Why is he not as frolick too!
If ſuch Diſturbance th' Innocent attend,
How differs he from them that dare offend!

Ye Gods! or let me die, or live;
If I muſt die, why this Reprieve?
If you would have me live, O why
Is it with me as thoſe that die!
I faint, I gaſp, I pant, my Eyes are ſet,
My Cheeks are pale, and I am living yet.

Ye Gods! I never did withhold
The fatteſt Lamb of all my Fold,
But on your Altars laid it down,
And with a Garland did it crown.
Is it in vain to make your Altars ſmoke?
Is it all one, to pleaſe and to provoke?

Time

Time was that I could ſit and ſmile,
Or with a Dance the Time beguile;
My Soul, like that ſmooth Lake, was ſtill,
Bright as the Sun behind yon Hill;
Like yonder ſtately Mountain clear and high,
Swift, ſoft, and gay, as that ſame Butterfly.

But now within there's Civil War,
In Arms my rebel Paſſions are,
Their old Allegiance laid aſide,
The Traytors now in Triumph ride;
That many-headed Monſter has thrown down,
Its lawful Monarch, Reaſon, from his Throne.

See, unrelenting *Sylvia*, ſee,
All this, and more, is long of thee;
For e're I ſaw that charming Face,
Uninterrupted was my Peace;
Thy glorious beamy Eyes have ſtruck me blind,
To my own Soul the Way I cannot find.

Yet is it not thy Fault, nor mine,
Heav'n is to blame, that did not ſhine
Upon us both with equal Rays,
It made thine bright, mine gloomy Days.
To *Sylvia* Beauty gave, and Riches Store,
All *Celadon*'s Offence is, he is poor.

Unlucky Stars poor Shepherds have,
Whoſe Love is fickle Fortune's Slave:
Thoſe golden Days are out of Date,
When every Turtle choſe his Mate:
Cupid, that mighty Prince, then uncontroul'd,
Now like a little *Negro*'s bought and ſold.

SONG XXIII.

AT Noon, in a ſun-ſhiny Day,
The brighteſt Lady of the *May*,
Youg *Cloris*, innocent and gay,
Set knotting in a Shade.

Each ſlender Finger play'd its Part,
With ſuch Activity and Art,
As wou'd inflame a youthful Heart,
And warm the moſt decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain by chance came by,
He ſaw no Anger in her Eye;
Yet when the baſhful Boy drew nigh,
She wou'd have ſeem'd afraid.

She let her Ivory Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twiſted Ball:
But ſtrait gave *Strephon* ſuch a Call,
As would have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free;
By ſo much Truth and Modeſty,
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy Head upon my Lap,
While thy ſmooth Cheeks I ſtroke and clap,
Thou may'ſt ſecurely take a Nap:
Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

She ſaw him yawn, and heard him ſnore,
And found him faſt aſleep all o'er:
She ſigh'd, and cou'd endure no more,
But, ſtarting up, ſhe ſaid;

Such

Such Virtue ſhall rewarded be;
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I'll truſt thee with my Flocks, not me:
Purſue thy grazing Trade.

Go, milk thy Goats, and ſhear thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep;
Thou ſhalt no more be lull'd aſleep,
By me, miſtaken Maid.

SONG XXIV.

OVER the Mountains,
And over the Waves;
Over the Fountains,
And under the Graves;
Over Floods that are deepeſt,
Which do *Neptune* obey;
Over Rocks that are ſteepeſt,
Love will find out the Way.

Wher there is no Place
For the Glow-worm to ly;
Wher there is no Space
For Receit of a Fly;
Wher the Midge dares not venture,
Leſt herſelf faſt ſhe lay;
But if Love come, he will enter,
And ſoon find out his Way.

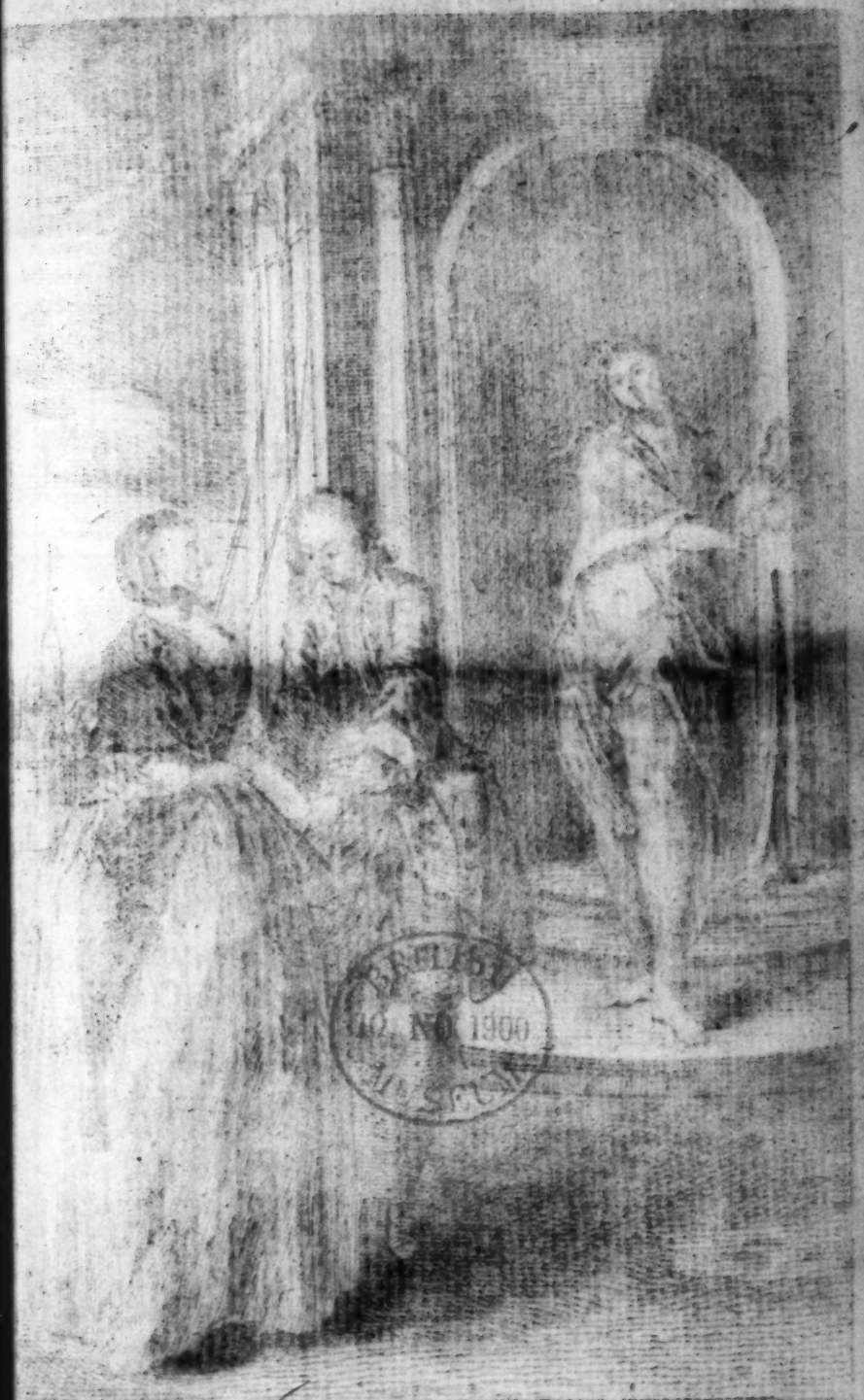
You may eſteem him
A Child in his Force;
Or you may deem him
A Coward, which is worſe:
But if ſhe, whom Love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the Day,
Set a thouſand Guards upon her,
Love will find out the Way.

Some

Some think to loſe him,
  Which is too unkind;
And ſome do ſuppoſe him,
  Poor Thing, to be blind:
But if ne'er ſo cloſs ye wall him,
  Do the beſt that ye may,
Blind Love, if ſo ye call him,
  He will find out the Way.

You may train the Eagle
  To ſtoop to your Fiſt;
Or you may inveagle
  The Phœnix of the Eaſt!
The Lioneſs, ye may move her
  To give over her Prey:
But you'll never ſtop a Lover,
  He will find out his Way.

THE



The Constant Lover.

Chatelain. inv. I. Scotin. jun. Sculp.

If there's a Heaven in Love, as sure there is,
The Constant Lover merits all the Bliss.

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

SONG I.

YOU I love, by all that's true,
More than all Things here below;
With a Paſſion far more great
Than e'er Creature loved yet;
And yet ſtill you cry forbear,
Love no more, or love not here.

Bid the Miſer leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched ſigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Silvia, when you this can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a Thing of Choice, but Fate;
What makes me love, makes you to hate:
Silvia then do what you will,
Eaſe, or cure, torment, or kill;
Be kind, or cruel, falſe, or true,
Love I muſt, and none but you.

SONG

SONG II.

TELL me, tell me, charming Creature,
Will you never eaſe my Pain?
Muſt I die for every Feature?
Muſt I always love in vain?
The Deſire of Admiration,
Is the Pleaſure you purſue;
Prithee try a laſting Paſſion,
Such a Love, as mine for you.

Tears and ſighing could not move you,
For a Lover ought to dare;
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you ſaid I went too far.
Are ſuch giddy Ways beſeeming?
Will my Dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the Joy of Women,
Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your Neglect with Torment fills me,
And my deſperate Thoughts encreaſe;
Pray conſider if you kill me,
You will have a Lover leſs.
If your wandering Heart is beating,
For new Lovers, let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a Day, and fix on me.

SONG III.

ALL Thoughts of Freedom are too late,
Not any new fair Lady's Art,
Nor both the *India*'s Wealth, nor Fate
Itſelf can diſengage my Heart.

Not,

Not, which kind Heaven forbid! your Hate,
And that which follows, proud Diſdain,
My Paſſion cou'd at all abate,
But only make it laſt with Pain.

Thus all my Quiet does depend
On Hopes t'obtain a Smile from you;
That ſo my Love, that knows no End,
May laſt with equal Pleaſure too.

SONG IV.

GIve o'er, fooliſh Heart, and make haſte to deſpair,
For *Daphne* regards not thy Vows, nor thy Pray'r:
When I plead for thy Paſſion, thy Pains to prolong,
She courts her Guittar, and replies with a Song;
No more ſhall true Lovers thy Beauty adore;
Were the Gods ſo ſevere, Men wou'd worſhip no more.

No more will I wait, like a Slave, at thy Door,
I'll ſpend the cold Nights at thy Window no more;
My Lungs in cold Sighs I no more will exhale,
Since thy Pride is to make me look ſullen and pale.
No more ſhall *Amyntas* thy Pity implore,
Were the Gods ſo ingrate, Men wou'd worſhip no more.

No more ſhall thy Frowns, or free Humour perſuade,
To court the fair Idol my Fancy has made;
When thy Saints ſo neglected their Follies give o'er,
Thy Deity's loſt, and thy Beauty's no more.
No more ſhall *Amyntas*, &c.

How weak are the Vows of a Lover in Pain,
When flatter'd by Hope, or oppreſs'd by Diſdain;
No ſooner my *Daphne*'s bright Eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all anew.
No more, cruel Nymph, I will murmur no more;
Did the Gods ſeem ſo fair, Men wou'd worſhip them more.

SONG

SONG V.

THE laſt Time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me;
Ye Gods! what Pain do I endure,
When ſoft Ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy Morn diſplay'd
The beaming Day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely Maid,
In fit Retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shades we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd Time away,
Till Night ſpread her black Curtain.
I pitied all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings when ſhe was nigh me:
In Raptures I beheld her Eye,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me,
Yet Hopes again to ſee my Love,
To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at Diſtance move,
In Proſpect of ſuch Bliſſes.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,
To let a Rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in every Grace,
In her my Love ſhall center.
Sooner the Seas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their Waves the *Alps* ſhall cover;
On *Greenland*'s Ice ſhall Roſes blow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

SONG

SONG VI.

SWEET are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask Roſe;
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,
Gentle as Winds when *Zephir* blows,
Refreſhing as deſcending Rains,
To Sun-burnt Climes, and thirſty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun,
Conſtant as gliding Waters roll,
Whoſe ſwelling Tides obey the Moon:
From every other Charmer free,
My Life and Love ſhall follow thee.

The Lamb of flow'ry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid purſues;
Sweet *Philomel*, in ſhady Bowers,
With verdant Spring, her Notes renews:
All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my Soul's Deſire.

Nature muſt change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seaſons riſe;
As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
Summer th' Approach of Autumn Flies;
No Change on Love the Seaſons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time with ſtealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;
And Marble Towers, and Walls of Braſs,
In his rude March he levels low:
But Time, deſtroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
To mingle with the Bleſt above;
Where known to all his kindred Train,
He finds a laſting Reſt from Pain.

Love and his Siſter fair, the Soul,
Twin-born from Heaven together came;
Love will the Univerſe controul,
When dying Seaſons loſe their Name:
Divine Abodes ſhall own his Power,
When Time and Death ſhall be no more.

SONG VII.

FAIR *Cloe* my Breaſt ſo alarms,
From her Pow'r no Refuge I find;
If another I take to my Arms,
Yet my *Cloe* is then in my Mind.
Unbleſt with the Joy, ſtill a Pleaſure I want,
Which none but my *Cloe*, my *Cloe* can grant.

Let *Cloe* but ſmile, I grow gay,
And I feel my Heart ſpring with Delight,
On *Cloe* I could gaze all the Day,
And *Cloe* do wiſh for all Night.

Oh! did *Cloe* know how I love,
And the Pleaſure of loving again,
My Paſſion her Favour wou'd move,
And in Prudence ſhe'd pity my Pain:
Good Nature and Int'reſt ſhou'd both make her kind,
For the Joy ſhe might give, and the Joy ſhe might find.

SONG VIII.

LOST is my Quiet for ever,
Loſt is Life's happieſt Part;
Loſt all my tender Endeavour
To touch an inſenſible Heart.

But tho' my Deſpair is paſt curing,
And much undeſerv'd is my Fate;
I'll ſhew, by a patient Enduring,
My Love is unmov'd as her Hate.

SONG IX.

I Cannot change, as others do,
Tho' you unjuſtly ſcorn:
Since that poor Swain that ſighs for you,
For you alone was born.

No, *Phillis*, no, your Heart to move
A ſurer Way I'll try:
And to revenge my ſlighted Love,
Will ſtill love on, will ſtill love on, and die.

When, kill'd with Grief, *Amintas* lies;
And you to mind ſhall call,
The Sighs that now unpity'd riſe,
The Tears that vainly fall:

That welcome Hour that ends this Smart,
Will then begin your Pain;
For ſuch a faithful, tender Heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

SONG X.

IN vain, dear *Cloe*, you ſuggeſt,
That I, inconſtant, have poſſeſt,
Or lov'd a fairer ſhe:
But if at once you wou'd be cur'd
Of all the Ills you have endur'd,
Look in your Glaſs and ſee.

And if perchance you there ſhould find,
A Nymph more lovely or more kind,
You've Reaſon for your Tears:
But if impartial you will prove,
Both to your Beauty and my Love,
How needleſs are thoſe Fears?

If in my Way I ſhould, by Chance,
Give or receive a wanton Glance,
I like but whilſt I view:
How faint the Glance, how ſlight the Kiſs,
Compar'd to that ſubſtantial Bliſs,
I ſtill receive from you?

With wanton Flight the curious Bee,
From Flow'r to Flow'r ſtill wanders free;
And where each Bloſſom blows,
Extracts the Juice of all he meets,
And for his Quinteſſence of Sweets,
He raviſhes the Roſe.

So I, my Leiſure to employ,
In each Variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph do roam,
Perhaps ſee fifty in a Day;
They are but Viſits which I pay,
For *Cloe*'s ſtill my Home.

SONG

SONG XI.

IRIS, your lovely fatal Eyes
Command ſuch pow'rful Darts,
No Wonder if you one deſpiſe,
To wound a thouſand Hearts.

But cou'd you gueſs the vaſt Delight,
To conſtant Lovers known,
You wou'd your thouſand Conqueſts ſlight,
And rule my Heart alone.

SONG XII.

DEAR *Cloe*, while thus beyond Meaſure,
You treat me with Doubts and Diſdain,
You rob all your Youth of its Pleaſure,
And hoard up an old Age of Pain:
Your Maxim, That Love is but founded
On Charms that will quickly decay;
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its Dictates obey.

The Paſſion from Beauty firſt drawn,
Your Kindneſs wou'd vaſtly improve;
Your Sight and your Smiles are the Down,
Fruition's the Sun-ſhine of Love:
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
Shou'd be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And Darkneſs poſſeſs all the Skies,
Yet we ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his Side,
You've often regarded with Wonder:
He's dropſical, ſhe is ſore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder;

Together

Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the Sun at the Door,
And at Night, when old *Darby*'s Pipe's out,
His *Joan* will not ſmoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral Failings to ſmother;
Then, what are the Charms, can you gueſs,
That make them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing Remembrance of Youth,
The Endearments which Youth did beſtow;
The Thoughts of paſt Pleaſure and Truth,
The beſt of our Bleſſings below.

Thoſe Traces for ever will laſt,
Which Sickneſs and Time can't remove;
For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
And Age brings the *Winter of Love*,
A Friendſhip inſenſible grows,
By Reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe;
The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

SONG XIII.

DEjected as true Converts die,
But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd;
So, Faireſt, at your Feet I lie,
Of all my Sex's Faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas! have I defy'd
The Force of Love's almighty Flame;
And often did aloud deride
His God-head, as an empty Name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A Crime, which may your Scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs,
By any juſt and fair Excuſe.

I then

I then did vulgar Joys purſue,
Variety was all my Bliſs;
But ignorant of Love and you,
How could I chuſe but do amiſs?

If ever now my wand'ring Eyes
Search out Temptations as before;
If once I look, but to deſpiſe
Their Charms, and value yours the more;

May ſad Remorſe, and guilty Shame,
Revenge your Wrongs on faithleſs me;
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
May I loſe all, in loſing thee.

SONG XIV.

BElieve my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear,
Believe the Heart you've won:
Believe my Vows to you ſincere,
Or, *Moggy*, I'm undone.
You ſay I'm fickle, and apt to change
At ev'ry Face that's new;
But, of all the Girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My Heart was but a Lump of Ice,
'Till warm'd by your bright Eyes;
But ah! they kindled in a trice
A Flame which never dies.
Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,
Tho' you ſay that I am not true;
Of all the Girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

SONG XV.

GENTLE Love, this Hour befriend me,
To my Eyes resign thy Dart;
Notes of melting Musick lend me,
To dissolve a frozen Heart.

Chill as Mountain Snow her Bosom,
Tho' I tender Language use;
'Tis by cold Indifference frozen
To my Arms, and to my Love.

See my dying Eyes are pleading,
See a broken Heart appears,
For thy Pity interceeding
The Eloquence of Tears.

Whilst the Lamp of Life is fading,
And beneath thy Coldness dies,
Death, my ebbing Pulse invading,
Take my Soul into thy Eyes.

The Jealous Lover.

Chatelain del. L. Scotin Jun. Sculp.

The Jealous wretch detecting thus the Fair,
Changes his anxious Dout to wild Despair.

THE JEALOUS LOVER.

SONG I.

AWAY with Sorrow and Whining—
Your Rival is mighty, 'tis true:
But can there be Reason in Pining,
While the Fair is constant to you?

What tho' she's in the midst of Danger,
Virtue's the Shield of her Heart;
No Flatt'ry, no Threats, can change her,
Who's Proof against Terror and Art.

The honest, the innocent, Lover
May rest, or travel, unarm'd:
What Creature will venture to move her,
By whom the Creation is charm'd?

When *Horace* was heedless straying,
In his *Sabinian* Grove,
A Wolf, intent upon preying,
Pass'd by, and did Homage to Love.

SONG II.

TOO lovely, cruel Fair,
Can I the Torture bear
To ſee thee flying?
Muſt I behold thoſe Charms
Doom'd to another's Arms,
While I am dying?

SONG III.

OH conceal that charming Creature
From my wond'ring, wiſhing Eyes!
Every Motion, every Feature
Does ſome raviſh'd Heart ſurprize;
But oh, I ſighing, ſighing, ſee
The happy Swain! ſhe ne'er can be
Falſe to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly ſhow her,
Ah! how wretched I remain;
'Tis not, ſure, a Thing below her,
Still to pity ſo much Pain;
The Gods ſome Pleaſure, Pleaſure take,
Happy as themſelves to make
Thoſe who ſuffer for their Sake.

Since your Hand alone was giv'n
To a Wretch not worth your Care;
Like ſome Angel ſent from Heav'n,
Come and raiſe me from Deſpair:
Your Heart I cannot, cannot miſs,
And I deſire no other Bliſs;
Let all the World beſides be his.

SONG IV.

A Swain of Love deſpairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel Fate;
His Grief the Shepherds ſharing,
In Circles round him ſat:
The Nymphs in kind Compaſſion,
The luckleſs Lover mourn'd;
All who had felt the Paſſion,
A Sigh for Sigh return'd.

Oh! Friends! your Plaints give over,
Your kind Concern forbear;
Should *Cloe* but diſcover
For me you've ſhead a Tear,
Her Eyes ſhe'd arm with Vengeance,
Your Friendſhip ſoon ſubdue;
Too late you ask Forgiveneſs,
And for her Mercy ſue.

Her Charms ſuch Force diſcover,
Reſiſtance is in vain;
Spite of yourſelf you'll love her,
And hug the galling Chain.
Her Wit the Flame increaſes,
And rivets faſt the Dart;
She has ten thouſand Graces,
And each could gain a Heart.

But Oh! one more deſerving,
Has thaw'd her frozen Breaſt;
Her Heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the reſt.
Their Love with Joy abounding,
The Thought diſtracts my Brain;
Oh! cruel Maid!—then ſwooning,
He fell upon the Plain.

SONG V.

CHarming is your Shape and Air,
And your Face as Morning fair;
Coral Lips, and Neck of Snow,
Cheeks, where op'ning Roſes blow;
When you ſpeak, or ſmile, or move,
All is Rapture, all is Love.

But thoſe Eyes, alas! I hate!
Eyes, that heedleſs of my Fate,
Shine with undiſcerning Rays;
On the Fopling idly gaze;
Watch the Glances of the Vain;
Meeting mine with cold Diſdain.

SONG VI.

MY dear Miſtreſs has a Heart,
Soft as thoſe kind Looks ſhe gave me,
When with Love's reſiſtleſs Art,
And her Eyes ſhe did enſlave me:
But her Conſtancy's ſo weak,
She's ſo wild ſo apt to wander,
That my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day aſunder.

Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleaſures, wounding Bliſſes;
She can dreſs her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can arm with Kiſſes:
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks,
She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder;
But my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day aſunder.

SONG VII.

Colin's Complaint.

DEſpairing beſides a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid;
And whilſt a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head.
The Winds that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook in return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly Swain that I was,
(Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd)
When firſt I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſt her dear Tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd it was Pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd, and cry'd when ſhe ſung,
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown?
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine Folk of the Town?
To think that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
Or go clad like our Maidens in Grey,
Or live in a Cottage on Love?

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd?
What tho' when they hear my ſoft Strain,
The Virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah, *Colin!* thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel reſign,
Thy Fair-one inclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than Thine.

All you my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me bettay'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid:
Tho' thro' the wide World I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly,
'Twas her's to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground:
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew,
And when ſhe looks down on my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in golden Array,
Be fineſt at every fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day:
While *Colin* forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd on or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon,
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

SONG VIII.

SWAIN, thy hopeleſs Paſſion ſmother,
Perjur'd *Celia* loves another;
In his Arms I ſaw her lying,
Panting, kiſſing, trembling, dying;
There the fair Deceiver ſwore,
As ſhe did to you before.

Oh! ſaid you, when ſhe deceives me,
When that conſtant Creature leaves me,
Iſis' Waters back ſhall fly,
And leave their oozy Channels dry;
Turn, ye Waters, leave your Shore;
Perjur'd *Celia* loves no more.

SONG IX.

WHAT State of Life can be ſo bleſt,
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breaſt?
Two Souls in one, the ſame Deſire
To grant the Bliſs, and to require:
But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealouſie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

All other Ills, tho' ſharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect Love:
In Abſence, or unkind Diſdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's Pain:
But ah, no Cure but Death we find,
To ſet us free
From Jealouſie:
O Jealouſie! &c.

Falſe in thy Glaſs all Objects are,
Some ſet too near, and ſome too far;
Thou art the Fire of endleſs Night:
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light.
All Torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealouſie! &c.

SONG X.

WHere-ever I am, and whatever I do,
My *Phillis* is ſtill in my Mind;
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My Feet of themſelves the Way find:
Unknown to my ſelf I am juſt at her Door,
And when I wou'd rail, I can bring out no more,
Than *Phillis*, too fair and unkind!

When *Phillis* I ſee, my Heart burns in my Breaſt,
And the Love I wou'd ſtifle is ſhown:
But aſleep, or awake, I am never at reſt,
When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone:
Sometimes a ſweet Dream doth delude my ſad Mind;
But alas! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone.

Shou'd a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He ſhou'd offer his Treaſure in vain:
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again:
Let *Phillis* be mine, and but ever be kind,
I cou'd to a Deſert with her be confin'd;
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas! I diſcover too much of my Love;
And ſhe too well knows her own Pow'r:
She makes me grow jealous each Hour.
But tho' every Moment torments my poor Mind,
I had rather love *Phillis*, both falſe and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

SONG XI.

O Love, what cruel Pangs are theſe,
The cold Effect of warm Deſire,
Whoſe agonizing Tortures freeze,
Tho' ſprung from your prevailing Fire.

Her Abſence gave exceeding Pain;
But when from that I hop'd Relief,
You, ſtill reſolv'd I ſhou'd complain,
With Jealouſy augment my Grief.

Too bitter is the Lover's Part,
When ſever'd from his fair one's Eyes;
But if he's baniſh'd from her Heart,
Stabb'd with Diſpair, at once he dies.

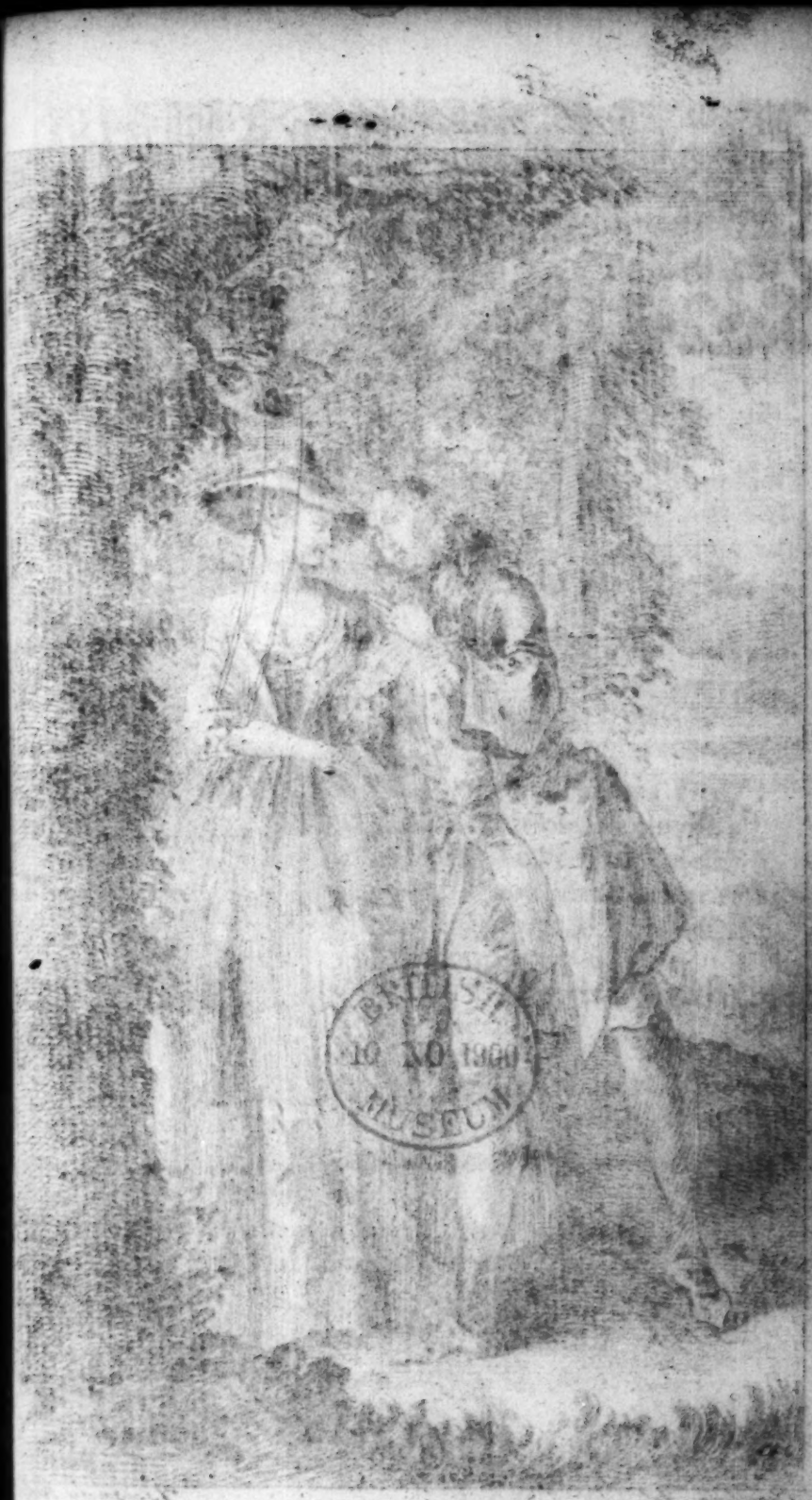
SONG XII.

THrough mournful Shades and ſolitary Groves,
Fann'd with the Sighs of unſucceſsful Loves,
Wild with Deſpair, young *Thyrſis* ſtrays,
Thinks over all *Amyra*'s Heavenly Charms,
Thinks he now ſees her in another's Arms;
Then at ſome Willows Root himſelf he lays,
The lovelieſt, moſt unhappy Swain;
And thus to the wild Woods he does complain.

How art thou chang'd, O *Thyrſis*, ſince the Time,
When thou could'ſt love, and hope without a Crime;
When Nature's Pride, and Earth's Delight,
As through her ſhady Ev'ning Grove ſhe paſt,
And a new Day did all around her caſt;
Could ſee, nor be offended at the Sight,
The melting, ſighing, wiſhing Swain,
That now muſt never hope to wiſh again.

Richer

Riches and Titles! why ſhould they prevail,
Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail?
Lovely *Amyra*, ſhoud'ſt thou prize
The empty Noiſe that a fine Title makes;
Or the vile Traſh that with the Vulgar takes,
Before a Heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
Unkind! but pity the poor Swain
Your Rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the Slain.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MUSEUM

The Tender Lover.

Chatelain del. T. Scotin, ju. sculp.

When Tenderness & Love together join
The most obdurate Beauty must resign

THE TENDER LOVER.

SONG I.

FROM all uneasy Passions free,
Revenge, Ambition, Jealousie;
Contented I had been too blest,
If Love and you had let me rest:
Yet that dull Life I now despise;
Safe from your Eyes,
I fear'd no Griefs, but then I found no Joys.

Amidst a thousand kind Desires,
Which Beauty moves, and Love inspires;
Such Pangs I feel of tender Fear,
No Heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of Harms,
Such are your Charms,
'Tis worth a Life, to die within your Arms.

When *Nanny* to the Well did come,
'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home;
Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill:
My Back did bear the Sack, but she
Will never bear the Sight of me.

To *Nanny*'s Poultry Oats I gave,
I'm ſure they always had the beſt:
Within this Week her Pidgeons have,
Eat up a Peck of Peaſe, at leaſt;
Her little Pidgeons kiſs, but ſhe
Will never take a Kiſs from me.

Muſt *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
And *Nanny* ſtill on *Robin* frown?
Alas! poor Wretch! what ſhall I do,
If *Nanny* does not love me ſoon?
If no Relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her Apron-ſtring.

SONG V.

WHY, cruel Creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender Heart?
To Gold and Title you relent;
Love throws away his Dart.

Let glitt'ring Fools in Courts be great;
For Pay let Armies move:
Beauty ſhou'd have no other Bait,
But gentle Vows and Love.

If on thoſe endleſs Charms you lay,
The Value that's their due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A thouſand Worlds too few.

But if a Paſſion without Vice,
Without Diſguiſe or Art,
Ah, *Celia!* if true Love's your Price,
Behold it in my Heart.

SONG VI.

THO' cruel you ſeem to my Pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true;
Yet, *Phillis*, you love a falſe Swain,
Who has other Nymphs in his View:
Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
To me what a Heav'n it would be;
To him but a Woman you ſeem,
But, ah! you're an Angel to me!

Thoſe Lips which he touches in Haſte,
I to them for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear Waſte,
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go;
That Arm, like a Lilly ſo white,
Which over his Shoulder you lay,
My Boſom could warm it all Night,
My Lips they would preſs it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
Were Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave them and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee:
But if I muſt feel thy Diſdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

SONG

SONG VII.

YE Nymphs, who frequent thoſe ſweet Plains,
Where *Thames*'s gentle Current doth glide;
Who, whilom, have heard my glad Strains,
Nor greatful Attention deny'd.
With Pity, ye Fair, O reflect
On cruel Reſerve of my Fate;
See Conſtancy paid with Neglect,
And Fondneſs rewarded with Hate.

How joyous and gay was each Hour!
How wing'd with ſoft Pleaſure they fled!
E'er Shipwreck'd on *Humber*'s dull Shore,
By Love my poor Heart was betray'd:
For there the Deceiver doth dwell,
Whoſe Charms have ſo long been my Theme;
In Beauty the Maid doth excel,
But is fickle, and wild as the Stream.

If, averſe to my Courtſhip at firſt,
She had check'd my fond Infant Deſire,
Her Coldneſs had left me leſs curſt,
And perhaps had extinguiſh'd my Fire:
But a thouſand falſe Arts ſhe employ'd,
(Ingenious and wanton in Ill)
The Paſſion ſhe nurs'd, ſhe deſtroy'd,
And only created to kill.

Yet, tho' ſhe delights in my Smart,
Tho' ſhe robs me of all I hold dear,
Revenge is below a great Heart,
I wiſh her a Lot leſs ſevere:
May the Swain ſhe ſhall crown with Succeſs,
By his Kindneſs deſerve to be priz'd;
'Twould double, methinks, my Diſtreſs,
At laſt to ſee her too deſpis'd.

SONG

SONG VIII.

ADIEU, ye pleaſant Sports and Plays,
Farewel each Song that was diverting;
Love tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays,
I ſing of *Delia* and *Damon*'s Parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleaſing Paſſion,
Till *Delia*'s Mildneſs had prevail'd
On him to ſhew his Inclination.

Juſt as the Fair-one ſeem'd to give
A patient Ear to his love Story,
Damon muſt his lov'd *Delia* leave,
To go in queſt of toilſome Glory.

Half-ſpoken Words hang on each Tongue,
Their Eyes refus'd their uſual Meeting;
And Sighs ſupply'd their wonted Song,
Theſe charming Sounds were chang'd to weeping.

Dear Idol of my Soul, adieu;
Ceaſe to lament, but ne'er to love me;
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other Charms ſhall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her;
The Thought deſtroys my Heart with Care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear, for ever!

If ever I forget my Vows,
May then my Guardian Angel leave me;
And, more to aggravate my Woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me.

SONG IX.

YOUNG *Damon*, once the happieſt Swain,
The Pride and Glory of the Plain,
(Yet ſee the Effects of Love!)
Depriv'd of all his former Reſt,
Shunn'd Company, with Grief oppreſt,
And ſought the thickeſt Grove.

The Nymphs and Swains all ſtrove to find,
What 'twas diſturb'd the Shepherd's Mind;
And, when they begg'd to know,
He only ſhook his drooping Head,
And ſighing mournfully, he ſaid,
My Fate will have it ſo.

Myrtillo, hearing of his Woes,
Came too, and kindly ask the Cauſe,
Of all his mighty Pain:
The Youth, tranſported, and amaz'd,
To hear her charming Voice, ſoon rais'd
His Head, and thus began;

I love; but 'tis a Nymph ſo fair,
That I of all Succeſs deſpair,
And nought expect but Scorn;
But, Oh! forgive, ſince ask'd by you,
If farther I my Tale purſue,
And ſay, for you I burn.

The Nymph then bluſh'd, and ſmiling ſaid,
And is it thus you court a Maid!
You'll by Experience find,
The Fair's not won by dull Deſpair,
But to the Brave and Debonnaire,
Our Sex will e'er prove kind.

SONG

SONG X.

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft-times heard her ſay,
Tell *Strephon*, I die, if he paſſes this Way,
And that Love is the Cauſe of my mourning.

Falſe Shepherds, that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
Ye deceive me; for *Strephon*'s cold Heart never warms;
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his Arms:
Oh! *Strephon*, the Cauſe of my mourning.

But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go
Down to the Shades below,
E'er ye let *Strephon* know
That I have lov'd him ſo;
Then on my pale Cheek no Bluſhes will ſhow,
That Love was the Cauſe of my mourning.

Her Eyes were ſcarce cloſed when *Strephon* came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh;
But, finding her breathleſs, Oh Heav'ns! did he cry,
Ah! *Chloris*, the Cauſe of my mourning.

Reſtore me my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs, uſe your Art;
They ſighing reply'd, 'Twas yourſelf ſhot the Dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdeſs' Heart,
And kill'd the poor *Chloris* with mourning.

Ah! then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! he ſaid:
I'll follow thee, chaſte Maid,
Down to the ſilent Shade.
Then on her cold ſnowy Breaſt leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor *Strephon* with mourning.

SONG

SONG XI.

I'LL range around the ſhady Bowers,
And gather all the ſweeteſt Flowers,
I'll ſtrip the Gardens, and the Grove,
To make a Garland for my Love.

When in the ſultry Heat of Day,
My thirſty Nymph does panting lie,
I'll haſten to the Fountain's Brink,
And drain the Stream that ſhe may drink.

At Night, when ſhe ſhall weary prove,
A graſſy Bed I'll make my Love,
And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
That nothing may her Reſt invade.

And whilſt diſſolv'd in Sleep ſhe lies,
My ſelf ſhall never cloſe theſe Eyes,
But gazing ſtill with fond Delight,
I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.

And then as ſoon as chearful Day
Diſpels the gloomy Shades away,
Forth to the Foreſt I'll repair,
And find Proviſion for my Dear.

Thus will I ſpend the Day and Night,
Attending on her with Delight,
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can Eaſe for her procure.

But if the Nymph whom thus I love,
Should ever falſe or faithleſs prove,
I'll ſeek ſome diſmal, diſtant Shore,
And never think on Woman more.

SONG XII.

THE Pain which tears my throbbing Breaſt,
What Language can deplore;
For how ſhou'd Language have expreſt
A Pain ne'er felt before:
In other Virgins wounded Hearts,
Love's cruel Sport we ſee,
But the moſt cruel of his Darts,
He has reſerv'd for me.

Thy Curſe, O *Tantalus!* I'd prize,
Thy Curſe a Bliſs would prove;
Ah! Heav'n were kind, if with my Eyes
I could enjoy my Love.
Inchanted thus, Romances tell,
The Moans poor Virgins make;
But where is found the powerful Spell
Can this Inchantment break.

SONG XIII.

HAD I the World at my Command,
And own'd the Wealth of Sea and Land,
To *Flora* I'd preſent it all,
And at her Feet lay down the Ball.

Or was my Life by Scraps ſuſtain'd,
From Door to Door by begging gain'd,
Wou'd ſhe be mine, I'd bleſs my Fate,
Nor wiſh a more exalted State.

Poſſeſſing her, or rich, or poor,
What is there to deſire more?
There's nothing precious but her Charms,
And Pleaſure dwells but in her Arms.

O

O grant, ye Powers! the Fair I love,
May to my Vows propitious prove;
And from your Altars shall arise,
The Smoke of daily Sacrifice.

Among the Blessings you bestow,
On craving Mortals here below,
Make but the lovely Maiden mine,
I'll all the rest with Joy resign.

SONG XIV.

O H! happy, happy Grove!
Witness of our tender Love!
O! happy, happy Shade!
Where first our Vows were made:
Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
Looks would charm a *Jove*:
A thousand pretty Things she said,
And all—and all was Love.

But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
And forsakes the shady Groves:
When I speak of mutual Joys,
She knows not what I mean:
Wanton Glances, fond Caresses,
Now no more are seen,
Since the false deluding Fair,
Has left the flow'ry Green.

Mourn, ye Nymphs that sporting play'd,
Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd;
There the secret Wound she gave,
And I was made her Slave.

SONG XV.

WHAT ſhall I do, to ſhew how much I love her?
How many Millions of Sighs can ſuffice?
That which wins other Hearts, never can move her;
Thoſe common Methods of Love ſhe'll deſpiſe.

I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night;
Till, for her own ſake, at laſt ſhe'll implore me,
To love her leſs to preſerve our Delight.

Since Gods themſelves cannot ever be loving,
Men muſt have breathing Recruits for new Joys;
I wiſh my Love could be always improving;
Tho' eager Love more than Sorrow deſtroys.

In fair *Aurelia's* Arms leave me expiring,
To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath;
To the laſt Moment I'll ſtill be deſiring:
Never had Hero ſo glorious a Death.

SONG XVI.

YE Shepherds and Nymphs, that adorn the gay Plain,
Approach from your Sports, and attend to my Strain;
Amongſt all your Number, a Lover ſo true,
Was ne'er ſo undone, with ſuch Bliſs in his View.

Was ever a Nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine;
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly, and mildly, reſigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies;
She ſmiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs:
A Boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an Air,
Inſpires me with Hope, and yet bids me deſpair!

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears;
Her Anſwer confounds, while her Manner indears;
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bleſs her, in ſpite of my Grief.

By Night, while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with Care,
I ſtart up in Anguiſh, and ſigh for the Fair:
The Fair ſleeps in Peace; may ſhe ever do ſo!
And only, when dreaming, imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Diſtance, no farther aſpire,
Nor think ſhe ſhould love whom ſhe cannot admire;
Huſh all thy complaining, and, dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heav'n, and thy ſelf to the Grave.

SONG XVII.

IF Love's a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my Complaint?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or grieve at my Fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the Pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I graſp her Hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And, by paſſionate Silence, I make my Love known.
But oh! how I'm bleſs'd when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing Miſtake, to diſcover her Love;
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.

How

How pleaſing is Beauty, how ſweet are the Charms?
How delightful Embraces, how peaceful her Arms?
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above:
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes muſt yield,
For 'tis Beauty that Conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

SONG XVIII.

SEE what a Conqueſt Love has made!
Beneath the Myrtle's am'rous Shade
The charming fair *Corinna* lies;
And, melting in Deſire,
Quenching in Tears thoſe flowing Eyes
That ſet the World on Fire.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do!
The Youth by Chance ſtood by, and knew
For whom thoſe Cryſtal Streams did flow;
And though he ne'er before
To her Eyes brighteſt Rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

So when the Heav'ns ſerene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy Light appear,
Each craggy Rock, and every Stone,
Their native Rigour keep;
But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
The hardeſt Marbles weep.

SONG XIX.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bony Bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony Bride,
Busk and go to the Braes of Yarrow;
There we will ſport and gather Dew,
Dancing while Lavrocks ſing the Morning;
There learn frae Turtles to prove true;
O *Bell* ne'er vex me with thy Scorning.

To Weſtlin Breezes *Flora* yields,
And when the Beams are kindly warming,
Blythneſs appears o'er all the Fields,
And Nature looks mair freſh and charming.
Learn frae the Burns that trace the Mead,
Tho' on their Banks the Roſes bloſſom,
Yet haſtylie they flow to *Tweed*,
And pour their Sweetneſs in his Boſom.

Haſt ye, haſt ye, my bony *Bell*,
Haſt to my Arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free Conſent my Fears repel,
I'll with my Love and Care reward thee.
Thus ſang I ſaftly to my Fair,
Wha rais'd my Hopes with kind relenting!
O Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair,
Since now my bony *Bell*'s conſenting.

The Whining Lover.

Chatelain, inv. L. Scotin ju. sculp.

Poor whining fool, why at her Feet thus cast.
Wou'dst win her Rise and clasp her round ye Waste

THE WHINING LOVER.

SONG I.

BY a diſmal Cypreſs lying,
Damon cry'd, all pale and dying,
Kind is Death, that ends my Pain,
But cruel ſhe I lov'd in vain.

The moſſy Fountains
Murmur my Trouble,
And hollow Mountains
My Groans redouble:
Every Nymph mourns me,
Thus while I languiſh;
She only ſcorns me,
Who caus'd my Anguiſh.

No Love returning me, but all Hope denying;
By a diſmal Cypreſs lying,
Like a Swan ſo ſung he dying:
Kind is Death that ends my Pain,
But cruel ſhe I lov'd in vain.

SONG II.

GO thou perpetual whining Lover,
For Shame leave off this humble Trade,
'Tis more than Time thou gav'ſt it over,
For Sighs and Tears will never move her;
By them more obſtinate ſhe's made,
And thou, by Love, fond conſtant Love betray'd.

The more, vain Fop, thou ſu'ſt unto her,
The more ſhe does torment thee ſtill;
Is more perverſe the more you wooe her,
When thou art humbleſt, lays thee lower;
And when moſt proſtrate to her Will,
Thou meanly begg'ſt for Life, does baſely kill.

By Heaven! 'tis againſt all Nature,
Honour and Manhood, Wit and Senſe,
To let a little female Creature
Rule, on the poor Account of Feature;
And thy unmanly Patience
Monſtrous and ſhameful as her Inſolence.

Thou may'ſt find Forty will be kinder,
Or more compaſſionate at leaſt;
If one will ſerve, two Hours will find her,
And half this 'Do for ever bind her
As firm and true as thy own Breaſt,
On Love and Virtue's double Intereſt.

But if thou can'ſt not live without her,
This only ſhe, when it comes to't,
And ſhe relent not (as I doubt her)
Never make more ado about her.
To ſigh and whimper is no Boot;
Go hang thy ſelf, and that will do't.

SONG

SONG III.

SAD *Philocles* ſigh'd to the Wind;
The Wind it lamented his Moan,
Whilſt Echo ſtood pining behind,
And gave him back every Groan.
Ye Winds! have the Grace to be mov'd,
Complaining, the fond Shepherd ſaid,
The hard-hearted Nymph is reprov'd,
By the gentle Returns ye have made.

To echo himſelf he addreſs'd,
Compaſſion, ſays he, thou haſt ſhown,
Which proves, that the Pains of thy Breaſt
Are almoſt as great as my own.
'Twill yield me ſome little Relief,
With you a Companion to ſtray,
The Night ſhall be ſpent in my Grief,
In Tales of your Sorrow the Day.

The languiſhing Theme of your Woe,
The Shepherd *Narciſſus* ſhall be;
For *Phillis* I'll mourn where I go,
Till grown a mere Shadow like thee.
Come, pitying Maid, let's retire,
To whiſper our Plaints in a Cave:
The pitiful Nymph ſaid, Retire,
Such Places are likeſt the Grave.

At laſt, on the Side of a Hill,
A damp dusky Cavern they found:
There *Philocles* ſigh'd to his Fill,
And Echo repeated the Sound;
But yet the ſad Nymph had an Art,
Whereby ſhe would flatter his Pains;
Tho' ſpeaking the Thoughts of her Heart,
She ſeem'd but repeating the Swain's.

He ſeated himſelf on the Ground,
His Hand it ſupported his Head;
Deſpairing he ſhew'd ev'ry Wound,
The Changing falſe *Phillis* had made:
If once on his Rival he thought,
Ye Gods! in a Rage he would cry,
Oh blaſt all the Charms ſhe has got,
For whom I thus languiſhing die!

Narciſſus was ſtill Echo's Thought,
Ye Gods! the ſad Nymph would reply,
Oh! blaſt all the Charms he has got,
For whom I thus languiſhing die.
Thus *Philocles* dy'd in Deſpair,
While *Echo* augmented his Pain;
When dead, the ſad Nymph did repair
To another ſad deſp'rate Swain.

SONG IV.

HELP me, each harmonious Grove,
Gently whiſper, all ye Trees,
Tune each warbling Throat to love,
And cool each Mead with ſofteſt Breeze.
Breath ſweet Odours, ev'ry Flow'r,
All your various Paintings ſhow;
Pleaſing Verdure grace each Bow'r,
Around let ev'ry Bleſſing flow.

Glide, ye limpid Brooks, along,
Phœbus, glance thy mildeſt Ray;
Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,
And tell what *Colin* dare not ſay.
Celia comes! whoſe charming Air
Fires with Love the rural Swains;
Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,
That *Colin* dies if ſhe diſdains.

SONG

SONG V.

I Love, I doat, I rave with Pain;
No Quiet's in my Mind,
Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* leſs unkind;
For when (as long her Chains I've worn)
I ask Relief from Smart,
She only gives me Looks of Scorn;
Alas! 'twill break my Heart!

My Rival's rich in worldly Store,
May offer Heaps of Gold;
But ſurely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be ſold:
Can *Sylvia* ſuch a Coxcomb prize,
For Wealth, and not Deſert;
And my poor Sighs and Tears deſpiſe?
Alas! 'twill break my Heart!

When like ſome panting, hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliſs contend,
And plead the Cauſe of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend.
Ah, *Sylvia!* thus in vain you ſtrive
To act a Healer's Part;
'Twill keep but lingring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely, penſive Bed,
I lay me down to reſt,
In hopes to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breaſt,
Her Cruelty all Eaſe denies;
With ſome ſad Dream I ſtart,
All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart.

Then riſing, thro' the Path I rove,
That leads me where ſhe dwells,
Where to the ſenſeleſs Walls my Love,
Its mournful Story tells;
I view thy Window, kiſs thy Door,
Till Morning bids depart,
Then vent ten thouſand Sighs, and more;
Alas! twill break my Heart!

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conqueſt's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
Will take my injur'd Part,
And curſe thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart.

SONG VI.

COME, all ye Youths, whoſe Hearts e'er bled
By cruel Beauty's Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his Head,
Let none his Sorrows hide:
But Hand in Hand around me move,
Singing the ſaddeſt Tales of Love;
And ſee, when your Complaints ye join,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happieſt Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrows knew;
Pity the Pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind;
Tho' bright as Heaven, whoſe Stamp ſhe bears,
Think of my Fate, and ſhun her Snares.

SONG VII.

LIKE a wandering Ghoſt I appear,
All ſilent, neglected, and ſad,
Tormented by Hopes and Deſpair,
I ſigh when all others are glad.
No Joys in this Town can I find,
The City's a Deſart to me;
I ſcarce ſhou'd regret being blind,
To all other Objects but thee.

In the Fields as I ſaunter along,
I look but for thee in my Way;
And if from my Sight thou art gone,
I mourn all the reſt of the Day:
Or if that by chance thou art there,
I ſhun every Mortal I meet,
Nor reliſh the Walk, or the Air;
Thou only can render them ſweet.

O, *Nancy*, whilſt thus I complain,
Does your Heart never flutter nor beat?
And have you no Senſe of my Pain,
Whilſt the Torment I bear is ſo great?
Muſt thoſe wandering Eyes always rove,
On every new Object you ſee?
Or muſt you reward my true love,
And fix them at laſt upon me?

SONG VIII.

WITH broken Words, and down-caſt Eyes,
Poor *Collin* ſpoke his Paſſion tender;
And parting with his *Griſſy*, cries,
Ah! woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder!

To

To others I'm as cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder;
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love ſhall hinder;
Nor Time, nor Place ſhall ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties which invite our Wonder;
Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a Promiſe with a Kiſs,
Always to love me, tho' we ſunder.

Ye Gods! take care of my dear Laſs,
That as I leave her, I may find her;
When that bleſt Time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

SONG IX.

WHilſt I gaze on *Cloe*, trembling,
Strait her Eyes my Fate declare;
When ſhe ſmiles, I fear diſſembling;
When ſhe frowns, I then deſpair.
Jealous of ſome rival Lover,
If a wand'ring Look ſhe give;
Fain I would reſolve to leave her,
But can ſooner ceaſe to live.

Why ſhould I conceal my Paſſion,
Or the Torments I endure;
I'll diſcloſe my Inclination,
Awful Diſtance yields no Cure.
Sure it is not in her Nature,
To be cruel to her Slave;
She is too divine a Creature,
To deſtroy what ſhe can ſave.

Happy's he whoſe Inclination
Warms but with a gentle Heat,
Never mounts to raging Paſſion;
Love's a Torment, if too great:
When the Storm is once blown over,
Soon the Ocean quiet grows,
But a conſtant, faithful Lover,
Seldom meets with true Repoſe.

SONG X.

ONE Night, when all the Village ſlept,
Myrtillo's ſad Deſpair
The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept,
To tell the Woods his Care:
Be gone, ſaid he, fond Thoughts, be gone;
Eyes, give your Sorrows o'er:
Why ſhou'd you waſte your Tears for one,
That thinks on you no more?

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers,
That dwell within this Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have paſs'd in Love:
The Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn
A thouſand times, that like to thoſe,
Her Flame ſhou'd ever burn.

But,

But, ſince ſhe's loſt, oh! let me have
My Wiſh, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie.
Sad Nightingales the Watch ſhall keep,
And kindly here complain;
Then down the Shepherd lay to ſleep,
And never wak'd again.

SONG XI.

AS, when on Mountain-heads,
With ſudden Spring of Light,
The Sun his Splendor ſpreads,
And blinds the dazled Sight;
From *Mariana's* Eyes
Love throws a flaſhing Dart,
That wounds, with gay Surpriſe,
And feſters in the Heart.

At dead of Night, when Care
Forſakes each tortur'd Breaſt,
I, only, thro' Deſpair,
Am barr'd from gentle Reſt.
When Morning Beams diſpel
The gloomy Shades of Night,
Redoubled is my Hell,
While others reap Delight.

At Noon, when Day's enthron'd,
My Sorrows grow intenſe;
Nor is my Caſe bemoan'd
When ſilent Hours commence.
Then haſten, friendly Death,
And eaſe me of my Woe—
Who wou'd not yield his Breath,
When Love's declar'd his Foe?

SONG

SONG XII.

SINCE from my dear *Aſtræa*'s Sight
I was ſo rudely torn,
My Soul has never known Delight,
Unleſs it was to mourn.

But oh, alas! with weeping Eyes
And bleeding Heart I lie;
Thinking on her, whoſe Abſence 'tis
That makes me wiſh to die.

SONG XIII.

BENEATH a gloomy Shade,
For unhappy Lovers made,
The poor deſpairing *Lycidas* was laid,
While drooping Turtles cooing ſtood
On the green Branches of the dusky Wood;
The mournful Flutes contend in vain,
To lull his Cares, to eaſe his Pain,
His Pain and Cares thus force him to complain;
'Ah, heedleſs Shepherds! guard your Hearts
'From Woman's fatal Eyes,
'They wound us ſtill with poiſon'd Darts,
'And he that's wounded dies:
'Their Form and Face, like Seas ſerene,
'Still promiſe only Joy;
'But oh! the Shelves, their Hearts within,
'Are certain to deſtroy.
'Ah! let my Fate thy Wreck prevent,
'Nor venture from the Shore:
But here the hapleſs Shepherd, ſpent
In Sighs, ſunk down, and ſaid no more.

SONG

SONG XVI.

THE Sun had juſt withdrawn his Fires,
And *Phœbus* ſhone with milder Ray,
When *Thyrſis* to the Grove retires,
As Love had pointed out the Way.

His trembling Knees the Turf receives,
His aching Head the Cowſlips preſs:
His Breaſt, that Sighs alone had eas'd,
At laſt gave Way to this Addreſs:

O Queen, that guid'ſt the ſilent Hours,
If e'er *Endymion* ſooth'd thy Pain,
By all thy Joys in *Carian* Bow'rs,
Reſtore me *Roſalind* again.

To thee my mournful Plaint I ſend,
Protectreſs of the virtuous Mind;
Do thou thy chaſte Aſſiſtance lend,
Venus is leud, and *Cupid* blind.

Behold thoſe Cheeks, how pale, how wan,
That once were grac'd with roſie Pride:
Dim are my Eyes, their Luſtre gone,
My Lips a purple Hue deride.

To wretched me it nought avails,
That *Phœbus* ſelf has ſtrung my Lyre,
Since *Plutus*, worthleſs God, prevails,
And only ſordid Wealth can fire.

The Nightingale, that pines with Love,
With melting Notes does Grief ſuſpend;
Me Verſe, nor ſweeteſt Sounds can move,
My Torments ſhe alone can end.

But hark! the Raven's direful Croak,
  Join'd with the Owl's ill-boding Shriek,
In frightful Conſort Fate have ſpoke;
  Alas! my Love-ſick Heart will break.

Too cruel Nymph, haſte, haſte away,
  And ſee your Victim proſtrate lye;
I faint, I can no longer ſtay,
  O, *Roſolind*, for thee I die!

SONG XVII.

AT length I feel the Power of Love
  No more preſerv'd by Reaſon's Arms;
Reaſon, alas! in vain does prove
  Before *Maria*'s killing Charms.

When firſt her Form divinely fair,
  Reſiſtleſs ſtruck my raviſh'd Sight,
Not knowing there was Danger near,
  I gaz'd with Wonder and Delight.

But, O! too late, I found her Eyes
  Could Pains, as well as Joys, impart;
From them a fatal Glance there flies
  Which pierces me quite thro' the Heart.

Bright *Cælia*'s Shape I have admir'd,
  By blooming *Cloe*'s Face been charm'd,
Aminta's poinant Wit has fir'd,
  And *Dælia*'s Voice my Breaſt has warm'd.

Each Female could Delight inſpire,
  To every Charm I us'd to bow;
But, oh! tho' each cou'd raiſe Deſire,
  I never, never lov'd till now.

SONG XVIII.

WAS *Cloe* as kind as she's fair,
Good-natur'd, and witty, and free,
What Nymph could with *Cloe* compare,
Or Swain be so happy as me?

But, oh! when I tell her of Love,
She seems not to know what I mean;
Cou'd she but my Passion approve,
How happy! how blest had I been!

Each Day my Complaints I renew,
I languish, I pine, and I grieve;
In vain for Compassion I sue;
She neither will hear nor believe.

Gods! must I her Scorn then endure?
And are my fond Hopes all in vain?
Come, Death, then, and give me a Cure,
And ease me of *Celia*'s Disdain.

THE

The Saucy Lover

Nay, look ye my fair one, don't be in a Huff.
For, egad, I don't Value you this pinch of Snuff.

THE SAUCY LOVER.

SONG I.

OF all the Things beneath the Sun,
To love's the greateſt Curſe;
If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
If not, 'tis ten times worſe.
Poor *Adam* by his Wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd ſome Years ago;
But *Adam* was not trick'd alone,
For all his Sons were ſo.

Lovers the ſtrangeſt Fools are made,
When they their Nymphs purſue,
Which they will ne'er believe, till wed,
But then, alas! 'tis true.
They beg, they pray, and they adore,
'Till weary'd out of Life;
And pray, what's all this Trouble for?
Why truly, for a Wife.

How odd a thing's a whining Sot,
Who ſighs, in greateſt Need,
For that, which, ſoon as ever got,
Does make him ſigh indeed.
Each Maid's an Angel whilſt ſhe's woo'd,
But when the Wooing's done,
The Wife, inſtead of Fleſh and Blood,
Proves nothing but a Bone.

Ills,

Ills, more or leſs, in human Life.
No mortal Man can ſhun:
But when a Man has got a Wife,
He has them all in one.
The Liver of *Prometheus*
A gnawing Vulture fed;
A Fable, that the Thing was thus,
The poor old Man was wed.

A Wife, all Men of Learning know,
Was *Tantalus*'s Curſe;
The Apples which did tempt him ſo,
Were nought but a Divorce.
Let no Fool dream that to his Share,
A better Wife will fall;
They're all the ſame, faith, to a Hair,
For they are Women all.

When firſt the ſenſeleſs empty Nokes,
With Wooing does begin,
Far better he might beg the Stocks,
That they would let him in.
Yet for a Lover we may ſay,
He wears no cheating Phiz;
Though other's Looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.

More Joys a Glaſs of Wine does give,
(Wife take him that gainſays)
Than all the Wenches ſprung from *Eve*,
E'er gave in all their Days.
But come, to Lovers here's a Glaſs,
God-wot, they need no Curſe:
Each wiſhes he may wed his Laſs,
No Soul can wiſh him worſe.

SONG

SONG II.

WOMAN, thoughtleſs, giddy Creature;
Laughing, idle, flutt'ring Thing!
Moſt fantaſtick Work of Nature!
Still, like Fancy, on the Wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing Paſſion,
Loving, hating, in extream:
Fond of every fooliſh Faſhion;
And, at beſt, a pleaſing Dream.

Lovely Trifle! dear Illuſion!
Conqu'ring Weakneſs! wiſht-for Pain!
Man's chief Glory, and Confuſion,
Of all Vanities moſt vain!

Thus, deriding Beauty's Power,
Bevil call'd it all a Cheat;
But in leſs than half an Hour,
Kneel'd, and whin'd, at *Celia's* Feet.

SONG III.

WHY ſo pale and wan, fond Lover?
Prithee why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute, young Sinner?
Prithee why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well won't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee why ſo mute?

Quit,

Quit, quit for Shame this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of her ſelf ſhe will not love
Nothing can make her:
The Devil take her.

SONG IV.

AS the Snow in Vallies lying,
Phœbus his warm Beams applying,
Soon diſſolves and runs away;
So the Beauties, ſo the Graces,
Of the moſt bewitching Faces,
At approaching Age decay.

As a Tyrant, when degraded,
Is deſpis'd and is upbraided,
By the Slaves he once controul'd;
So the Nymph, if none could move her,
Is contemn'd by every Lover,
When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholy Looks, and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
Are th' Effects your Rigours move;
Soft Careſſes, amorous Glances,
Melting Sights, tranſporting Trances,
Are the bleſt Effects of Love.

Fair ones, while your Beauty's blooming,
Imploy Time, leſt Age reſuming
What your Youth profuſely lends;
You are robb'd of all your Glories,
And condemn'd to tell old Stories
To your unbelieving Friends.

SONG V.

PRITHEE *Billy*, ben't ſo ſilly
Thus to waſte thy Days in Grief,
You ſay *Betty* will not let ye;
But can Sorrow bring Relief?

Leave repining, ceaſe your whining,
Pox on Torment, Tears and Woe;
If ſhe's tender ſhe'll ſurrender,
If ſhe's tough —— e'en let her go.

SONG VI.

WHY all this whining?
Why all this pining?
Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain;
Nothing ſo common,
As Wealth and Woman,
To raiſe the Spirits, and dull the Brain.

To him that's merry,
That's frolick and airy,
Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is ſad;
Then rouſe thy Spirit,
And take off thy Claret,
In one ſmiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.

If *Cloe* fly thee,
And ſtill deny thee,
Never look ſneaking, nor ever repine;
If 'tis her Faſhion
To ſlight your Paſſion,
Then ſeem moſt eaſy, and deny her Thine.

When

When next you meet her,
Again entreat her,
And if you ſtill find ſhe wou'd make you her Tool;
Ne'er let it vex you,
Or once perplex you,
She'll ſoon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

SONG VII.

LOVERS, who waſte your Thoughts and Youth,
In Paſſion's fond Extreams;
Who dream of Women's Love and Truth,
And doat upon your Dreams.

I ſhou'd not here your Fancy take,
From ſuch a pleaſing State;
Were you not ſure at laſt to wake,
And find your Fault too late.

Then, know, betimes, the Love which crowns
Our Cares, is all but Wiles,
Compos'd of falſe fantaſtick Frowns,
And ſoft diſſembling Smiles.

With Anger, which ſometimes they feign,
They cruel Tyrants prove;
And then turn Flatterers again,
With as affected Love.

As if ſome Injury were meant
To whom they kindly us'd;
Thoſe Lovers are the moſt content,
Who ſtill have been refus'd.

Since in our Boſom each has nurſt
A falſe and fawning Foe;
'Tis juſt, and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To 'ſcape the fatal Blow.

SONG VIII.

WITH Arts oft practis'd and admir'd,
A youthful Swain by Love inſpir'd,
Long time purſu'd a Fair:
Her Coldneſs equal to his Love,
His Hopes repuls'd, his Fears improve,
And added to his Care.

With Sighs, and Tears, in vain he tries,
But deaf to all his Sighs, ſhe flies,
As faſt as he purſues:
To which he anſwers in Diſdain,
By trying to augment my Pain,
Yourſelf the Conqueſt loſe.

'Tis true, I love you, cruel Maid,
But Love with Love muſt be repaid,
To make our Bliſs compleat:
Since I've requeſted, you've deny'd,
My Love, as well as your's, is try'd;
And I with Eaſe retreat.

SONG IX.

WHAT means this Niceneſs now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove?
Such Diſtance may conſiſt with State,
But never will with Love.
'Tis either Cunning or Diſdain,
That does ſuch Ways allow;
The firſt is baſe, the laſt is vain,
May neither happen t'you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your Part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not half that Art:
For if you chance a Look to caſt,
That ſeems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be my own.

SONG X.

NEver more I will proteſt,
To love a Woman, but in jeſt;
For as they cannot be true,
So to give each Man his due,
When the wooing Fit is paſt,
Their Affection cannot laſt.

Therefore if I chance to meet
With a Miſtreſs fair and ſweet,
She my Service ſhall obtain,
Loving her for Love again:
Thus much Liberty I crave,
Not to be a conſtant Slave.

For when we have try'd each other,
If ſhe better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change am I as free:
He or ſhe that loves too long,
Sells their Freedom for a Song.

SONG XI.

STILL, *Cloe*, ply thy courtly Art,
Touch and retouch thy Face,
'Till the coſmetick Powers impart
A Bloom to ev'ry Grace.

What though the home-bred Country Maid,
To modeſt Rules a Slave,
Diſdains all Uſe of White and Red,
But what plain Nature gave:

Yet if to vie with thee ſhe dare,
Whoe'er the Umpire be,
He muſt be blind, or muſt refer
The Palm entire to thee.

For whilſt her aukward Cheeks diſplay
Pale Rage, or bluſhing Shame,
No Change thy ſteddy Looks betray,
They always ſhine the ſame.

SONG XII.

BELINDA's Pride's an errant Cheat,
A fooliſh Artifice to blind;
Some honeſt Glance, that ſcorns Deceit,
Does ſtill reveal her native Mind.

With Look demure, and forc'd Diſdain,
She idly acts the Saint;
We ſee thro' this Diſguiſe, as plain
As we diſtinguiſh Paint.

The Pains she takes are vainly meant
To hide her am'rous Heart;
'Tis like perfuming an ill Scent;
The Smell's too strong for Art.

So have I seen grave Fools design,
With formal Looks, to pass for Wise;
But, Nature is a Light will shine,
And break thro' all Disguise.

SONG XIII.

I'LL tell you what, dear *Betty*;
I own you'r wonderous pretty;
I also confess
Your elegant Dress,
And that you're passing witty.

But let not Vanity fool ye,
For I must tell you truly,
I ne'er can abide
To worship your Pride,
My Will is so unruly.

I'm not the Fool you'd have me;
No Tyrant can enslave me;
No Prude alive
Shall me deprive
Of the Liberty Nature gave me.

Tho' Beauty at first inclin'd me,
Good Humour alone can bind me;
Then if you think fit
Your Flouting to quit,
A faithful Lover you'll find me.

SONG XIV.

THO', *Flavia*, to my warm Deſire
You mean no kind Return,
Yet ſtill with undiminiſh'd Fire
You wiſh to ſee me burn.

Averſe my Anguiſh to remove,
You think it wond'rous right,
That I love on, for ever love,
And you for ever ſlight.

But you and I ſhall ne'er agree,
So gentle Nymph adieu;
Since you no Pleaſure have for me,
I'll have no Pain for you.

SONG XV.

SUE to *Cælia* for the Favour,
Why ſhou'd poor deluded Man;
As if he were ſole Reciever,
And return'd no Bliſs again.

Were not Love condemn'd to Blindneſs,
Surely he wou'd quickly find,
Tho' to him ſhe feigns the Kindneſs,
She is to herſelf moſt kind.

Let us baniſh then the Faſhion,
And be reſolutely brave;
Since it is their Inclination,
Let 'em ask before they have.

SONG XVI.

FAIR *Iris* I love, and I hourly die,
But not for a Lip, nor a languiſhing Eye;
She's fickle and falſe, and there we agree,
For I am as falſe and as fickle as ſhe;
We neither believe what either can ſay,
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and ſay Things of Courſe,
We mean not the taking for better for worſe;
When preſent we love, when abſent agree,
I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me;
The Legend of Love no Couple can find,
So eaſy to part, or ſo equally join'd.

SONG XVII.

YOUNG *Cupid* one Day wily,
With well diſſembled Art,
Let fly an Arrow ſlily,
And pierc'd me to the Heart:

A while I ſigh'd, grew ſtupid;
But to quit Scores with *Cupid*,
I found a Way, which ſoon I'll try,
Since Reaſon takes my Part.

I'll ſteal away his Arrows,
And ſweet Revenge purſue;
With Womens Hearts I'll head 'em,
And then they'll ne'er fly true.

SONG XVIII.

THE Mind of a Woman can never be known,
You never gueſs it aright:
I'll tell you the Reaſon—ſhe knows not her own,
It changes too often ere Night.
'Twou'd puzzle *Apollo*,
Her Whimſies to follow,
His Oracle wou'd be a Jeſt;
She'll frown when ſhe's kind,
Then quickly you'll find,
She'll change like the Wind,
And often abuſes
The Man that ſhe chuſes,
And what ſhe refuſes
Likes beſt.

SONG XIX.

WHEN I ſee the bright Nymph who my Heart (does enthral;
When I view her ſoft Eyes, her languiſhing Air,
Her Merit ſo great; my own Merit ſo ſmall;
It makes me adore; and it makes me deſpair.

But when I conſider, that ſhe ſquanders on Fools
All thoſe Treaſures of Beauty with which ſhe is ſtor'd,
My Fancy it damps, my Paſſion it cools,
And it makes me deſpiſe what before I ador'd.

Thus ſometimes I deſpair, and ſometimes I deſpiſe;
I love, and I hate, but I never eſteem;
The Paſſion grows up, when I view her bright Eyes;
Which my Rivals deſtroy, when I look upon them.

How wiſely does Nature Things different unite;
In ſuch odd Compoſitions our Safety is found;
As the Blood of the Scorpion is a Cure for the Bite,
So her Folly makes whole whom her Beauty does wound.

SONG XX.

WOMAN's like the flatt'ring Ocean,
Who her pathleſs Ways can find?
Every Blaſt directs her Motion,
Now ſhe's angry, now ſhe's kind.
What a Fool's the vent'rous Lover,
Whirl'd and toſs'd by every Wind!
Can the Bark the Port recover,
When the ſilly Pilot's blind?

SONG XXI.

SIlly Swain, give o'e thy Wooing,
Sighing, gazing, kiſſing, cooing,
All is very fooliſh Doing,

All that follows after Kiſſes,
The very beſt, the Bliſs of Bliſſes,
Is as dull a Joy as this is.

Prove the Nymph, and taſte her Treaſure;
Tell me then, when full of Pleaſure,
What dull Thing thou can'ſt diſcover
Duller than a happy Lover.

SONG

SONG XXII.

'TWAS in this Shade,
While the Winds play'd,
And the Birds warbled under each Bough;
While Fountains flow
Murm'ring below;
In my Arms *Phillis* utter'd this Vow:

Swain when I prove
False to thy Love,
All the wing'd Nation no more ſhall ſing;
No Leaf ſhall ſhoot,
Winds ſhall be mute,
And not a Murmur heard in the Spring.

Thus did ſhe ſwear;
Pleas'd did I hear:
But Words of Women, when they are kind,
Shou'd laſt for ever,
Grav'd with a Feather,
In the looſe Leaves, the Water, or Wind.

Sweet as the Roſe,
White as the Snows,
Like 'em ſoon faded, ſullied, is Woman;
Fair like the Moon,
Changing as ſoon;
Bright as the Sun, and as the Sun common,

Like the frail Flow'r,
(Child of an Hour)
Such are her Beauties, ſuch are our Bliſſes;
Opening when blooming,
Gayly conſuming,
Ev'ry Bee ſucks 'em, ev'ry Wind Kiſſes.

SONG XXIII.

HOW wretched is the Slave to Love,
Who can no real Pleaſures prove,
For ſtill they're mix'd with Pain:
When not obtain'd, reſtleſs is the Deſire;
Enjoyment puts out all the Fire,
And ſhews the Love was vain.

It wanders to another ſoon,
Wanes and increaſes, like the Moon,
And, like her, never reſts;
Brings Tides of Pleaſure now, and then of Tears,
Makes Ebbs and Floods of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wav'ring Breaſts.

But, ſpite of Love, I will be free,
And triumph in the Liberty
I without him enjoy:
I'th' worſt of Priſons I'll my Body bind,
Rather than change my Free-born Mind
For ſuch a fooliſh Toy.

SONG XXIV.

NO ſcornful Beauty e'er ſhall boaſt
She makes me love in vain;
That Man's a Fool, when once he's croſt,
If e'er he loves again:
To pine, or whine, I never can,
Nor tell her I muſt die;
'Tis ſomething ſo beneath a Man,
I cannot; no, not I.

SONG

SONG XXV.

IN *Phillis* all vile Jilts are met,
Fooliſh, uncertain, falſe, Coquette.
Love is her conſtant welcome Gueſt,
And ſtill the neweſt pleaſes beſt.
Quickly ſhe likes, then leaves as ſoon;
Her Life on Woman's a Lampoon.

Yet for the Plague of human Race,
This Devil has an Angel's Face;
Such Youth, ſuch Sweetneſs in her Look,
Who can be Man, and not be took?
What former Love, what Wit, what Art,
Can ſave a poor inclining Heart?

In vain, a thouſand times an Hour,
Reaſon rebels againſt her Pow'r;
In vain I rail, I curſe her Charms;
One Look my feeble Rage diſarms;
There is Enchantment in her Eyes;
Who ſees 'em can no more be wiſe.

SONG XXVI.

YE little *Loves*, that round her wait,
To bring me Tydings of my Fate;
As *Celia* on her Pillow lies,
Ah, gently whiſper, *Strephon* dies.

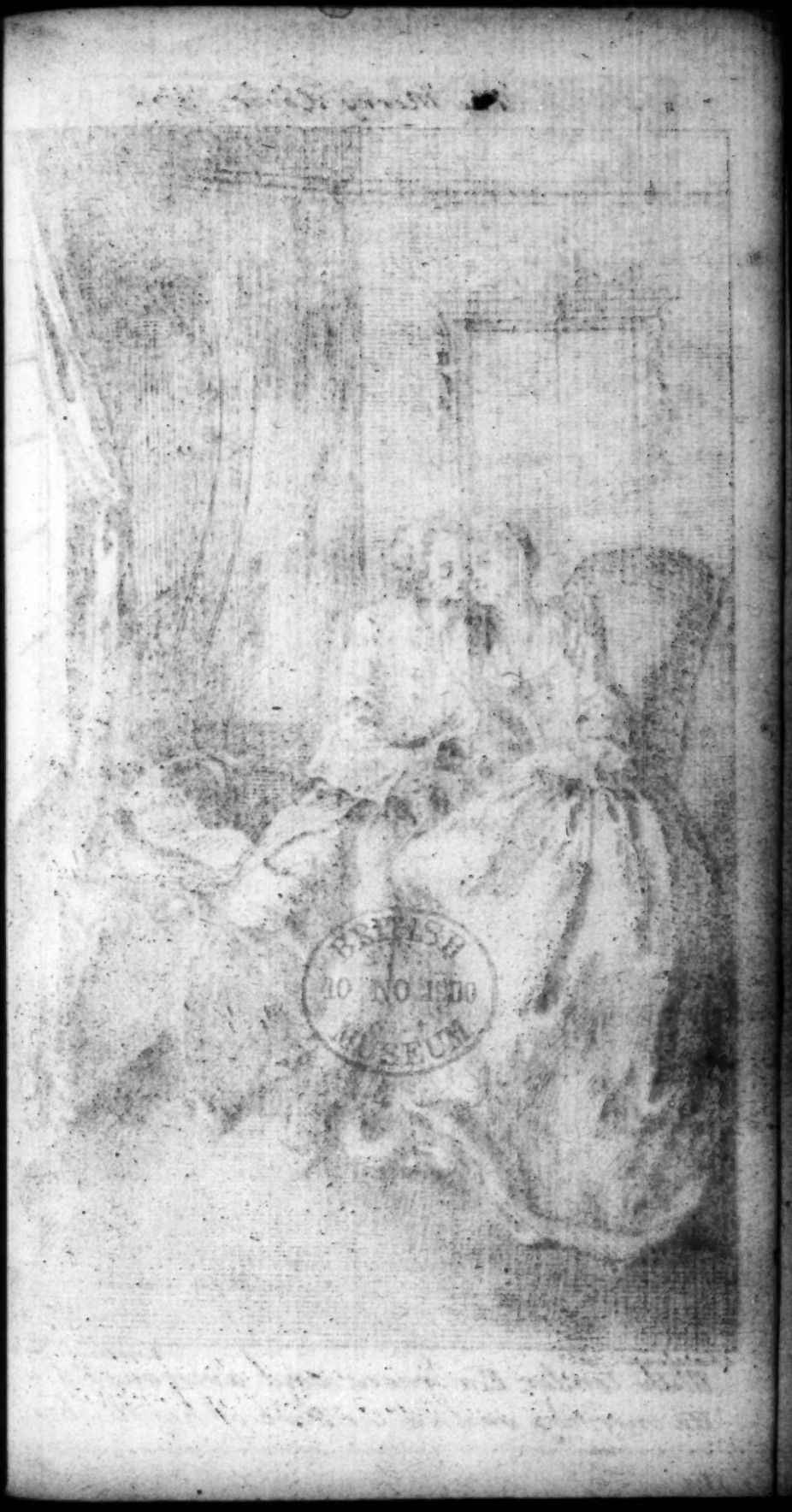
If this will not her Pity move,
And the proud Fair diſdains to love;
Smile, and ſay, 'tis all a Lie,
And haughty *Strephon* ſcorns to die.

SONG

SONG XXVII.

I'M not one of your Fops, who, to pleaſe a coy Laſs,
Can lie whining and pining, and look like an Aſs:
Life is dull without Love, and not worth the Poſſeſſing;
But Fools make a Curſe, what was meant for a Bleſſing;
While his Godſhip's not rude, I'll allow him my Breaſt;
But, by *Jove*, out he goes, ſhould he once break my Reſt.
I can toy with a Girl for an Hour, to allay
The Fluſter of Youth, or the Ferment of *May*;
But muſt beg her Excuſe not to bear Pains or Anguiſh,
For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languiſh.

THE


BRITISH
10 NO 1910
MUSEUM

With tender Embraces, and amorous Kysses,
He merrily sails, to the Port of his Wishes.

THE MERRY LOVER.

SONG I.

MY *Jeany* and I have toil'd
The live long Summer Day,
Till we amaiſt were ſpoil'd,
At making of the Hay:
Her kurchy was of Holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny Brow;
I wiſper'd ſomething in her Ear,
But what's that to you.

Her Stockings were of Kerſey green,
As tight as ony Silk;
O ſic a Leg was never ſeen,
Her Skin was white as Milk;
Her Hair was black as ane could wiſh,
And ſweet, ſweet was her Mou,
O *Jeany* daintily can kiſs——
But what's that to you.

The Roſe and Lilly both combine,
To make my *Jeany* Fair,
There is nae Benniſon like mine,
I have amaiſt no Care:
Only I fear my *Jeany's* Face
May cauſe mae Men to rue,
And that may gar me ſay, Alas!
But what's that to you.

Conceal

Conceal thy Beauties if thou can,
Hide that ſweet Face of thine,
That I may only be the Man
Enjoys theſe Looks divine.
O do not proſtitute, my dear,
Wonders to common View,
And I with faithful Heart ſhall ſwear
For ever to be true.

King *Salomon* had Wives enew,
And mony a Concubine,
But I enjoy a Bliſs mair true,
His Joys were ſhort of mine:
And *Jeany*'s happier then they,
She ſeldom vants her Due,
All Debts of Love to her I pay,
And what is that to you.

SONG II.

YOUNG *Corydon* and *Phillis*,
Sate in a lovely Grove,
Contriving Crowns of Lillies,
Repeating Tales of Love,
And ſomething elſe: but what I dare not name.

But as they were a playing,
She ogled ſo the Swain,
It ſav'd her plainly ſaying,
Let's kiſs to eaſe our Pain,
And ſomething elſe, &c.

A thouſand times he kiſs'd her,
Upon the flowry Green;
But as he further preſt her,
A pretty Leg was ſeen, &c.

So

So many Beauties viewing,
His Ardor ſtill encreas'd;
And greater Joys purſuing,
He wander'd o'er her Breaſt, &c.

A laſt Effort ſhe trying,
His Paſſion to withſtand,
Cry'd (but 'twas faintly crying)
Pray take away your Hand, &c.

Young *Corydon*, grown bolder,
The Minutes would improve;
This is the Time he told her,
To ſhew how much I love, &c.

The Nymph ſeem'd almoſt dying,
Diſſolv'd in amorous Heat;
She kiſs'd, and told him ſighing,
My dear, your Love is great, &c.

But *Phillis* did recover
Much ſooner than the Swain;
She bluſhing ask'd her Lover,
Shall we not kiſs again? &c.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
Till Nature's at a Stand,
From Talk they fell to ſleeping,
Holding each others Hand, &c.

SONG III.

BE wary, my *Celia*, when *Celadon* ſues,
Theſe *Wits* are the Bane of your Charms;
Beauty, play'd againſt Reaſon, will certainly loſe,
Warring naked with Robbers in Arms.

Young

Young *Damon*, deſpis'd for his Plainneſs of Parts,
Has Worth that a Woman ſhould prize;
He'll run the Race *out*, tho' he heavily *ſtarts*,
And *diſtance* the ſhort-winded *Wiſe*.

Your *Fool* is a Saint in the Temple of Love,
And kneels all his Life there to pray;
Your *Wit* but looks in, and makes haſte to remove,
'Tis a Stage he but takes in his Way.

SONG IV.

AH! bright *Belinda* hither fly,
And ſuch a Light diſcover,
As may the abſent Sun ſupply,
And chear the drooping Lover.

Ariſe, my Day, with Speed ariſe,
And all my Sorrows baniſh,
Before the Sun of thy bright Eyes,
All gloomy Terrors vaniſh.

No longer let me ſigh in vain,
And curſe the hoarded Treaſure;
Why ſhould you love to give us Pain,
When you were made for Pleaſure?

The petty Powers of Hell deſtroy;
To ſave's the Pride of Heaven:
To you the firſt, if you prove coy;
If kind, the laſt is given.

The Choice then ſure's not hard to make,
Betwixt a Good and Evil;
Which Title had you rather take,
My *Goddeſs*, or My *Devil*?

SONG

SONG V.

PIOUS *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but ask the Favour;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this Restraint,
Or else had Hopes to win her;
Wou'd she could make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

SONG VI.

YES, I could love, if I could find
A Mistress fitted to my Mind,
Whom neither Gold nor Pride could move,
To change her Virtue, or her Love.

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
Loves for myself, and not for mine;
Not City proud, nor nicely coy,
But full of Love, and full of Joy.

Not childish young, nor Beldame old;
Not firey hot, nor icy cold;
Not gravely wise to rule the State,
Nor foolish to be pointed at.

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor;
Not chaste, nor a reputed Whore:
If such a one you can discover,
Pray, Sir, intitle me her Lover.

SONG VII.

BRIGHT *Cynthia's* Power divinely great,
What Heart is not obeying?
A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing.
She seems the Queen of Love to reign;
For she alone dispenses,
Such Sweets as best can entertain,
The Gust of all the Senses.

Her Face a charming Prospect brings,
Her Breath gives balmy Blisses;
I hear an *Angel* when she sings,
And taste of Heaven in Kisses.
Four Senses thus she feasts with Joy,
From Nature's richest Treasure;
Let me the other Sense employ
And I shall die with Pleasure.

SONG VIII.

IF *Phillis* denies me Relief,
If she's angry, I'll seek it in Wine:
Though she laughs at my amorous Grief,
At my Mirth why should she repine?

Brisk sparkling Champaign shall remove
All the Griefs my dull Soul has in store:
My Reason I lost when I lov'd,
By drinking, what can I do more?

Would *Phillis* but pity my Pain,
Or my amorous Vows would approve,
The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but Love.

SONG

SONG IX.

THREE Nymphs contending for my Heart,
With different Charms and Grace;
The firſt ſold Puddings, Pies, and Tarts;
The ſecond, Pins and Lace;
The third employ'd herſelf to cry
The News three times a Week,
Beſides ev'ry Night 'twas her Delight,
To cry hot bak'd Ox-cheek.

Look, Gods, from your celeſtial Bow'rs,
And guide me to the beſt;
And may my Faculties and Pow'rs,
Of Heart and Mind be bleſt.
Whilſt thus I cry'd, the Gods reply'd,
Thy Fate can't be revers'd;
The Nymph we've choſen for thy Bride,
Sifts Cinders from the Duſt.

SONG X.

LET us drink, and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry,
Theorbo, and Voice:
The changeable World
To our Joy is unjuſt,
All Treaſure's uncertain,
Then down with your Duſt:
In Frolicks diſpoſe
Your Pounds, Shillings, and Pence,
For we ſhall be nothing
An hundred Years hence.

We'll

We'll kiſs, and be free,
With *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
Have Oyſters, and Lobſters,
And Maids by the Belly.
Fiſh-Dinners will make
A Laſs ſpring like a Flea;
Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddeſs)
Was born of the Sea:
With *Bacchus*, and with her,
We'll tickle the Senſe,
For we ſhall be paſt it
An hundred Years hence.

Your moſt beautiful Bit,
That hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honeſty ſells,
For a *Hautgouſt* of Honour!
Whoſe Lightneſs, and Brightneſs,
Doth ſhine in ſuch Splendor,
That none but the Stars
Are thought fit to attend her:
Though now ſhe be pleaſant,
And ſweet to the Senſe,
Will be damnable mouldy
An hundred Years hence.

SONG XI.

A Certain Presbyterian Pair,
Were wedded t'other Day,
And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,
Their Paſtor came to pray.

But firſt, he bade each Gueſt depart,
Nor ſacred Rites prophane;
For carnal Eyes ſuch Miſteries,
Can never entertain.

Then

Then with a puritanick Air,
Unto the Lord he pray'd;
That he would pleaſe to grant Encreaſe,
To that ſame Man and Maid:

And that the Husbandman might dreſs,
Full well the Vine his Wife;
And, like a Vine, ſhe ſtill might twine,
About him all her Life.

Sack-Poſſet then he gave them both,
And ſaid, with lifted Eyes,
Bleſt of the Lord! with one Accord,
Begin your Enterprize.

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouſe,
T' apply prolifick Balm;
And while they ſtrove in mutual Love,
The Parſon ſung a Pſalm.

SONG XII.

CÆLIA, too late you wou'd repent:
The offering all your Store,
Is now but like a Pardon ſent
To one that's dead before.

Your Bounty of theſe Favours ſhown,
Whoſe Worth you firſt deface,
Is melting valu'd Medals down,
And giving us the Braſs.

O! ſince the Thing we beg's a Toy
That's priz'd by Love alone,
Why cannot Women grant the Joy
Before the Love is gone?

SONG

SONG XIII.

JAMES.

PRETHEE, *Susan*, what doſt muſe on,
By this doleful Spring?
You are, I fear, in Love, my Dear;
Alas poor Thing!

SUSAN.

Truely *Jamie*, I muſt blame ye,
You look ſo pale and wan;
I fear 'twill prove, you are in Love,
Alas poor Man!

JAMES.

Nay, my *Suey*, now I view ye,
Well I know your Smart;
When you're alone, you ſigh and groan,
Alas poor Heart!

SUSAN.

Jamie, hold, I dare be bold
To ſay, thy Heart is ſtole,
And know the ſhe, as well as thee,
Alas poor Soul!

JAMES.

Then, my *Sue*, tell me who,
I'll give thee Beads of Pearl,
And eaſe thy Heart of all this Smart,
Alas poor Girl!

SUSAN.

SUSAN.

Jamie, no; if you shou'd know,
I fear 'twou'd make ye sad,
And pine away both Night and Day,
Alas poor Lad!

JAMES.

Then, my *Sue*, it is for you
That I burn in these Flames;
And when I die, I know you'll cry,
Alas poor *James!*

SUSAN.

Say you so, then, *Jamie*, know,
If you should prove untrue,
Then must I likewise cry,
Alas poor *Sue!*

Quoth he, then join thy Hand with mine,
And we will wed to Day;
I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she,
Come let's away.

SONG XIV.

DO not ask me, charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the Beauty
Of the Flowers that crown the Spring;
'Tis to——but I know my Duty,
And dare never name the Thing.

What

What the Sun does to the Roſes
When his Beams play ſweetly in,
I wou'd——but my Fear oppoſes,
And I dare not name the Thing.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
Might I ſpeak what I wou'd do,
I wou'd——with my lovely *Phillis*,
I wou'd——I wou'd——Ah! wou'd You!

SONG XV.

O! I love a charming Creature,
But the Flame with which I burn,
Is not for each tender Feature,
Nor for her Wit, nor ſprightly Turn;
But for her down, down, derry down;
But for her down, down, derry down.

On the Graſs I ſaw her lying,
Strait I ſeiz'd her tender Waſte;
On her Back ſhe lay complying,
With her lovely Body plac'd,
Under my down, down, &c.

But the Nymph being young and tender;
Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart;
Still unwilling to ſurrender,
Call'd Mamma to take the Part,
Of her down, down, &c.

Out of Breath Mamma came running
To prevent poor *Nanny*'s Fate;
But the Girl, now grown more cunning,
Cry'd, Mamma you're come too late;
For I am down, down, &c.

SONG

SONG XVI.

COME, be free, my lovely Laſſes,
Baniſh dull reſtraining Pride;
Now we're o'er our generous Glaſſes,
Let the Maſk be thrown aſide.
With our Wine ſweet Kiſſes blending,
You its Virtues ſhall improve;
Wine our warm Deſires befriending,
Shall increaſe the Power of Love.

Squeamiſh Prudes may take Occaſion,
Whilſt they burn with inward Fire,
To condemn a generous Paſſion,
Which they never could inſpire.
But, how curs'd is their Condition,
Whilſt in us they Freedom blame?
Every Night pant for Fruition,
Yet find none to meet their Flame.

SONG XVII.

YES, all the World will ſure agree,
He who's ſecure of having thee,
Will be entirely bleſt;
But 'twere in me too great a Wrong
To make one who has been ſo long
My *Queen*, my *Slave* at laſt.

Nor ought thoſe Things to be confin'd
That were for publick Good deſign'd:
Could we in fooliſh Pride,
Make the Sun always with us ſtay,
'Twould burn our Corn and Graſs away,
And ſtarve the World beſide.

Let not the Thoughts of parting, fright
Two Souls which Paſſion does unite;
For while our Love does laſt,
Neither will ſtrive to go away;
And why the Devil ſhou'd we ſtay,
When once that Love is paſt.

SONG XVIII.

WHENEVER, *Cloe*, I begin
Your Heart, like mine, to move,
You tell me of the crying Sin
Of unchaſte lawleſs Love,

How can that Paſſion be a Sin,
Which gave to *Cloe* Birth?
How can thoſe Joys but be divine,
Which make a Heav'n on Earth.

To wed, Mankind the Prieſts trepann'd,
By ſome ſly Fallacy,
And diſobey'd God's great Command,
Increaſe and multiply.

You ſay that Love's a Crime, content;
Yet this allow you muſt,
More Joy's in Heav'n when one repent,
Than over Ninety Juſt.

Sin then, dear Girl, for Heav'n's ſake,
Repent, and be forgiv'n;
Bleſs me, and by Repentance make
A Holliday in Heav'n.

SONG XIX.

PEGGY, in Devotion
Bred from tender Years,
From my loving Motion
Still was call'd to Pray'rs.

I made muckle Buſtle,
Love's dear Fort to win;
But the Kirk Apoſtle
Told her 'twas a Sin.

Faſting and Repentance,
And ſuch whining Cant,
With the Doomſday Sentence,
Frighted my young Saint.

He taught her the Duty
Heav'nly Joys to know;
I, who lik'd her Beauty,
Taught her thoſe below.

Nature took my Part ſtill,
Senſe did Reaſon blind,
That, for all his Art ſtill,
She to me inclin'd.

Strange Delights hereafter
Did ſo dull appear,
She, as I had taught her,
Vow'd to ſhare 'em here.

Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,
'Mongſt the canting Race,
Neither Son nor Daughter
Ever yet had Grace.

Peggy, on the *Sunday*,
With her Daddy vext,
Came to me on *Monday*,
And forgot his Text.

SONG XX.

PHILLIS, as her Wine she sipp'd in,
Gaily talking with her Swain,
Into her Hand he slily slipp'd in
Tal, lal, lal, lal,
A full Glass of brisk Champaigne.

Why so coy, said he, and fickle?
Must I always sigh in vain?
Must I never hope to tickle
Tal, lal, &c.
Your Ear with a merry Strain.

Long have I been toss'd and fretting
Like a Sailor on the Main;
Sure, at length, 'tis Time to get in
Tal, &c.
To the Port I hope to gain.

Hearts you take Delight in stealing,
Of new Conquest still are vain;
Torture others, whilst I'm feeling
Tal, &c.
Pleasure that is void of Pain.

Won, at length, she listen'd kindly,
And from Love could not refrain;
So in the Nick the Nymph was finely
Tal, &c.
Fitted for her cold Disdain.

SONG

SONG XXI.

'TWAS Fancy first made *Celia* fair;
'Twas Fancy gave her Shape and Air;
It robb'd the Sun, ſtript ev'ry Star
Of Beauties to beſtow on her;
And when it had the Goddeſs made,
Down it fell, and worſhiped.
Creator firſt, and then a Creature;
Narciſſus and a Pail of Water.

SONG XXII.

AMONGST the Willows on the Graſs,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds lie,
Young *Willy* courted bonny *Beſs*,
And *Nell* ſtood liſt'ning by:
Says *Will*, we will not tarry
Two Months before we marry.
No, no, fie no, never, never tell me ſo,
For a Maid I'll live and die.
Says Nell, *So ſhall not I*,
Says Nell, *&c.*

Long time betwixt Hope and Deſpair,
And Kiſſes mixt between,
He with a Song did charm her Ear,
Thinking ſhe chang'd had been;
Says *Will*, I want a Bleſſing
Subſtantialer than Kiſſing.
No, no, fie no, never, never tell me ſo,
For I will never change my Mind:
Says Nell, *She'll prove more kind*,
Says Nell, *&c.*

Smart Pain the Virgin finds,
Altho' by Nature taught,
When she first to Man inclines:
Quoth Nell, *I'll venture that.*
Oh! who wou'd lose a Treasure,
For such a puny Pleasure!
Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,
And to my Vow be true.
Quoth Nell, *The more Fool you,*
Quoth Nell, *&c.*

To my Closet I'll repair,
And read on godly Books,
Forget vain Love, and worldly Care,
Quoth Nell, *That likely looks.*
You Men are all perfidious,
But I will be religious,
Try all, fly all, and while I breathe, defy all.
Your Sex I now despise.
Says Nell, *By* Jove, *she lies,*
Says Nell, *&c.*

SONG XXIII.

IF the Heart of a Man is depress'd with Cares,
The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears;
Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises our Spirits, and charms our Ears.
Roses and Lillies her Cheek discloses,
But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those,
Press her,
Caress her,
With Blisses,
Her Kisses,
Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.

SONG

SONG XXIV.

WHEN I court thee, dear *Molly*, to grant me the Bliſs,
With a Squeeze by the Hand, and then with a Kiſs;
You, like an arch Baggage, for ever reply,
In the ſame loving Mood, Can you live, Sir, and die?
Then you ask me, how long this ſame Paſſion will laſt,
And if I ſhan't cool, when the *Moment* is paſt?
Such Queſtions as theſe might e'en damp a Beginner,
And muſt certainly puzzle an old batter'd Sinner.
But to ſhew you, for once, how much I deſpiſe
To tell you, like ſome Men, a thouſand damn'd Lyes,
My Mind, deareſt Girl, in few Words you ſhall know,
And if, on thoſe Terms, you think well of it, ſo;
If not, for my Part, I ſhall ne'er take it ill,
For if one Woman won't, there are thouſands that will.

That I like you at preſent, you never can doubt;
For what do I take all this Trouble about?
That my Paſſion is real, and void of Diſguiſe,
You may feel by my Pulſe; you may read in my Eyes:
When theſe roll ſo faſt, and that beats ſo quick,
The *deuce* muſt be in't, if it's all but a Trick.

Thy freſh ruddy Lips, and thy Teeth all ſo white,
Thy round tempting Bubbies, which heave with Delight,
Thy Trim taper Shape, and thy dear little Feet,
Thy Voice that's ſo ſoft, and thy Breath that's ſo ſweet:
Thy bright beaming Eyes, and thy gay golden Hair,
Provoke a Senſation too killing to bear;
Above or below nothing faulty is ſeen;
And, faith, I dare anſwer for what lies between.

So many rare Charms ſurely never can cloy,
But Night after Night, wou'd afford one new Joy;
Methinks, in my Paſſion, I never cou'd vary,
If a thouſand Examples did'nt prove the contrary:

For, like other Men, I am but Fleſh and Blood;
Yet, if I'm no better, I hope I'm as good;
Then ſince, deareſt *Molly*, any one whom you take,
Is as likely as me, to prove falſe and forſake,
If you e'er run the Hazard, let me be your Man,
And I'll love you as much, and as long as I can.
We'll toy, ramp, and revel, we'll bill, and we'll coo,
And do every thing elſe, which young Lovers do.
But if, upon Tryal, and often repeating,
(For the Proof of the Pudding's, you know, in the eating)
Your Paſſion or mine from the Biaſs ſhou'd run,
As in Crouds of each Sex it already as done;
Shou'd we grow cool and civil, why e'en let us part,
Nor ſtrive to keep up a dull Paſſion by Art;
For 'tis Folly, 'tis Nonſenſe, our Nature to force,
As ſpurring a Jade only makes her the worſe:
At formal Reſtraint let us neither repine,
But give back my Heart, and I'll return thine.

SONG XXV.

YE Nymphs, no more take Pains to hide
Your Love, but own your Paſſion;
For Virtue, if too nice, is Pride;
And Coyneſs Affectation.

Cupid make your Virgins tender,
Make 'em eaſy to be won;
Let 'em preſently ſurrender,
When the Treaty's once begun.

Such as like a tedioūs Wooing,
Let 'em cruel Damſels find;
But for ſuch as wou'd be doing,
Prithee, *Cupid*, make 'em kind.

SONG XXVI.

MY Name is honeſt *Harry*,
And I love little *Mary*,
In ſpite of *Ciſs*, or jealous *Beſs*,
I'll have my own Fegary.

My Love is blithe and buckſome,
And ſweet and fine as can be,
Freſh and gay as the Flow'rs in *May*,
And looks like *Jack-a-Dandy*.

And if ſhe will not have me,
That am ſo true a Lover,
I'll drink my Wine, and ne'er repine,
And down the Stairs I'll ſhove her.

But if that ſhe will love, Sir,
I'll be as kind as may be;
I'll give her Rings, and pretty Things,
And deck her like a Lady.

Her Petticoat of Satten,
Her Gown of crimſon Tabby,
Lac'd up before, and ſpangl'd o'er,
Juſt like a *Barthol'mew* Baby,

Her Waſtcoat ſhall be ſcarlet,
With Ribbands ty'd together;
Her Stockings of a cloudy Blue,
And her Shoes of *Spaniſh* Leather.

Her Smock of fineſt Holland,
And lac'd in every Quarter,
Side and wide, and long enough
To hang below her Garter.

Then to the Church I'll have her,
  Where we will wed together,
And ſo come home when we have done,
  In ſpite of Wind and Weather.

The Fiddlers ſhall attend us,
  And firſt play *John come kiſs me* ;
And when that we have danc'd around,
  Then ſtrike up *Hit or miſs me*,

Then hey for little *Mary*,
  'Tis ſhe I love alone, Sir,
Let any Man do what he can,
  I will have her, or none, Sir.

SONG XXVII.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
  That *Cloe*'s falſe and common ;
By Heav'n, I all along believ'd
  She was a very Woman :
As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch careſs'd,
  She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
  She cou'd do more for no Man.

But, oh! her Thoughts on others ran ;
  And that you think a hard thing:
Perhaps ſhe fancy'd you the Man ;
  Why, what care I one Farthing.
You think ſhe's falſe, I am ſure ſhe's kind,
I'll take her Body, you her Mind ;
  Who has the better Bargain?

SONG

SONG XXVIII.

AFTER the Pangs of a deſperate Lover,
When Day and Night I have ſigh'd all in vain,
Ah! what a Pleaſure it is to diſcover,
In her Eyes Pity, who cauſes my Pain!
Ah! what a Pleaſure it is to diſcover,
In her Eyes Pity, who cauſes my Pain!

When with Unkindneſs our Love at a ſtand is,
And both have puniſh'd ourſelves with the Pain,
Ah! what a Pleaſure the Touch of her Hand is!
Ah! what a Pleaſure to preſs it again!
Ah! what a Pleaſure, &c.

When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
Ah! what a Trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah! what a Trembling does uſher my Joy!
Ah! what a Trembling, &c.

When with a Sigh, ſhe accords me the Bleſſing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleaſure and Pain;
Ah! what a Joy 'tis, beyond all expreſſing!
Ah! what a Joy to hear, Shall we again!
Ah! what a Joy, &c.

SONG XXIX.

YOUNG *Cupid* I find
To ſubdue me inclin'd,
But at length I a Stratagem found,
That will rid me of him,
For I'll drink to the Brim,
And unleſs he can ſwim,
He like other blind Puppies ſhall drown,

SONG

SONG XXX.

DORINDA has ſuch pow'rful Arts,
Such an attractive Air,
None can reſiſt her conqu'ring Darts,
But gladly yield their Captive Hearts
To ſo divine a Fair.

Thus the myſterious Loadſtone's Pow'r
Each wandering Atom draws;
From Pole to Pole they take their Courſe,
Confin'd by an intrinſick Force,
And circle in its Laws.

Magnetick Pow'rs her Charms attend;
But then here lies the Riddle,
The Loadſtone does its Force extend,
And ſtrongeſt draws at either End,
Dorinda in the Middle.

SONG XXXI.

OF *Anna*'s Charms let others tell,
Or bright *Eliza*'s Beauty;
My Song ſhall be of *Blouzabel*,
To ſing of her's my Duty.
The Fair, who arm'd with *Cupids* Darts,
His Flames and other Matters,
Is all around behung with Hearts,
As Beggars are with Tatters.

To laviſh Nature much ſhe owes,
And much to Education;
The Girls and Boys, and Belles and Beaus,
Are ſtruck with Admiration:

For

For blended in her Cheek there lies
The Carrot and the Turnip;
And who beholds her blazing Eyes,
His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue,
Her Teeth all black and yellow;
Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue,
Her Lips like any Tallow.
Her Voice so loud, and eke so shrill,
Far off it is admir'd;
Her Tongue, ——which never yet lay still,
And yet was never tir'd,

Ten thousand Wonders rise to View,
All o'er the lovely Creature,
The pearly Sweat, like Morning Dew,
Gilds every shining Feature.
As *Isaac* of his *Esau* said,
She like a Forest favours:
Thrice happy Man! for whom the Maid
Reserves her hidden Favours.

O, *Blouzabel*, for thee we pant,
To thee our Hopes aspire;
For thou hast all which Lovers want,
To quench their raging Fire.
Then kindly take us to thy Arms,
And in Compassion save us,
From *Anna's* and *Eliza's* Charms,
Which cruelly enslave us.

SONG XXXII.

WHAT tho' you cannot move her
With all your Art and preſſing?
Vex not, fond, ſilly Lover,
Nor curſe the vain Addreſſing.
Why ſhou'd you lament,
When ſhe ſhou'd repent?
What Help, if a Fool will deny thee?
'Tis all but a miſs,
Of a Face and a Kiſs;
And there's a good Sex to ſupply thee.

Who knows, wou'd you but leave her,
What Change ſhe may diſcover?
Perhaps may grant the Favour,
Rather than loſe the Lover.
If nothing avail,
Yet, 'tis Odds if ſhe fail
To give thee full Right to diſdain her;
When, after thy Love
And thy Worth cou'd not move,
A Fool that has neither ſhall gain her.

Make Love an eaſy Faſhion,
And thy Succeſs thy Meaſure;
Diſcarding ſtill the Paſſion,
That will not bring the Pleaſure.
Examine not why,
The Lady is ſhy;
If Nature, or Honour adviſe her;
But, thy Part fairly done,
If ſhe'll not be won,
Take Leave, and look out for a Wiſer.

SONG

SONG XXXIII.

LOVE is now become a Trade,
All its Joys are bought and ſold;
Money is a Feature made,
And Beauty is confin'd to Gold.

Courtſhip is but Terms of Art;
Portion, Settlement, and Dower,
Soften the moſt obdurate Heart;
The Lawyer only is the Wooer.

My Stock can never reach a Wife;
It may a ſmall retailing Whore:
Let Men of Fortune buy for Life,
A Night's a Purchaſe for the Poor.

SONG XXXIV.

THO' Women, 'tis true, are but tender,
Yet Nature does Strength ſupply:
Their Will is too ſtrong to ſurrender,
They're obſtinate ſtill till they die.

In vain you attack 'em with Reaſon,
Your Sorrows you only prolong;
Diſputing is always High Treaſon,
No Woman was e'er in the Wrong.

Your only Relief is to bear;
And when you appear content,
Perhaps, in Compaſſion, the Fair
May perſuade herſelf into Conſent.

SONG XXXV.

IF you sue to *Venalia* to grant you the Blessing,
Like *Jove* in Gold court her, or vain's your Addressing;
For she says, that Love nought but what's gen'rous inspires,
And therefore rich Tokens of Love she requires.

Such Suitors as nothing but Love have to give her,
(Like pennyless Ghosts at the *Stygian* River,
To *Elysium* a Passage deny'd by old *Charon*)
Eternal Attendance may dance on the Fair-one.

SONG XXXVI.

CLOE's a Goddess in the Groves,
A *Naiad* in the Streams;
An Angel in the Church she moves;
A Woman in my Dreams.

Love steals Artill'ry from her Eyes,
The Graces point her Charms;
Orpheus is rival'd in her Voice,
And *Venus* in her Arms.

Never so happily in one,
Did Heav'n and Earth combine;
And yet 'tis Flesh and Blood alone
Make her this Thing divine.

She looks like other mortal Dames,
Till I unlace her Boddice?
But when with Fire she meets my Flames,
The Wench turns up a Goddess.

SONG XXXVII.

SYLVIA the Fair, in the Bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent Warmth, as she lay on the Green,
She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she guest
By the towzing and tumbling and touching her Breast;
She saw the Men eager, but was at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah! she cry'd; ah for a languishing Maid
In a Country of Christians to die without Aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Cupid in Shape of a Swain did appear,
He saw the sad Wound, and in Pity drew near,
Then shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the Balm was infus'd she was not at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close.
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

SONG XXXVIII.

AS naked almoſt, and more fair you appear,
Than *Diana*, when ſpy'd by *Actæon*;
Yet that Stag-hunter's Fate, your Votaries here,
We hope you're too gentle to lay on.

For he, like a Fool, took a Peep, and no more,
So ſhe gave him a large Pair of Horns, Sir:
What Goddeſs, undreſt, ſuch Neglect ever bore?
Or what Woman e'er pardon'd ſuch Scorns, Sir?

The Man who with Beauty feaſts only his Eyes,
With the Fair always works his own Ruin;
You ſhall find by our Actions, our Looks, and our Sighs,
We're not barely contented with viewing.

SONG XXXIX.

SINCE you will needs my Heart poſſeſs,
'Tis juſt to you I firſt confeſs
The Faults to which 'tis given:
It is to change much more inclin'd
Than Woman, or the Sea, or Wind,
Or aught that's under Heaven.

Nor will I hide from you this Truth,
It has been, from its very Youth,
A moſt egregious Ranger:
And ſince from me't has often fled,
With whom it was both born and bred,
'Twill ſcarce ſtay with a Stranger.

The

The Black, the Fair, the Grey, the Sad,
(Which often made me fear 'twas mad)
With one kind Look cou'd win it;
So nat'rally it loves to range,
That it has left Succeſs for Change,
And, what's worſe, glories in it.

Oft, when I have been laid to Reſt,
'Twou'd make me act like one poſſeſt,
For ſtill 'twill keep a Pother;
And tho' you only I eſteem,
Yet it will make me in a Dream
Court and enjoy another.

And now if you are not afraid,
After theſe Truths that I have ſaid,
To take this arrant Rover;
Be not diſpleas'd, if I proteſt,
I think the Heart within your Breaſt
Will prove juſt ſuch another.

SONG XL.

WOULD you have a young Virgin of fifteen Years,
You muſt tickle her Fancy with Sweets and Dears;
Ever toying and playing, and ſweetly, ſweetly
Sing a Love Sonnet, and charm her Ears;
Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chaſe her, and praiſe her, if fair or brown;
Sooth her, and ſmooth her,
And teaze her, and pleaſe her,
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Widow well known in Man,
With a Front of Aſſurance come boldly on;
Be at her each Moment, and briskly, briskly
Put her in Mind how her Time ſteals on;

Rattle

Rattle, and prattle, altho' she frown,
Rouze her and touze her from Morn to Noon,
And shew her some Hour,
You'll answer her Dow'r
And get but her Writings and alls your own.

Do you fancy a Punk of Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That Pleasure's best Charms is Variety:
Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her, and ply her when Cully's gone,
Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her, and treat her,
And kiss with a Guinea, and all's your own.

The Pressing Lover

Chastelain, inv. I. Scotin, sculp.

See, see, the Lillies fade; Time flies away
O why, my Cloe, why do we delay

THE PRESSING LOVER.

SONG I.

O *Bell*, thy Looks have kill'd my Heart,
I pass the Day with Pain;
When Night returns, I feel the Smart,
And wish for thee in vain;
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm,
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a Hap that charming Petticoat of thine.

My ravisht Fancy, in amaze,
Still wanders o'er thy Charms;
Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways,
Present thee to my Arms:
But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those Pleasures, which can only cure
This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
Because you still deny;
The just Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Passion die.
O turn and let soft Pity seize
That lovely Breast of thine;
Thy Petticoat could give me Ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure

Sure Heaven has fitted for Delight
That beauteous Form of thine;
And thou'rt too good its Law to slight
By hind'ring the Design.
May all the Powers of Love agree
At length to make thee mine;
Or loose my Chains, and set me free
From every Charm of thine.

SONG II.

PRITHEE, *Cloe*, give o'er,
And perplex me no more,
For, my Charmer, it looks very queerly
That in blooming fifteen,
Thou'rt afraid to be seen
By a Shepherd who loves thee so dearly.

When with Speed I pursue,
Intending to wooe,
And tell thee how much I'm thy Lover;
Like a fearful young Lamb,
That runs after its Dam,
So thou flyest away to thy Mother.

I know 't has been told,
That Patriarchs of old
Spent threescore Years in their Wooing;
'Twas no Wonder, then,
That a Nymph of Fifteen,
Should be coy when a Swain was pursuing.

But, my Charmer, I vow,
'Tis a Miracle now,
That a Nymph in her Teens should fly any,
When I dare now engage,
Not a Man in the Age
But thinks Threescore Days are too many.

SONG III.

FYE, *Liza*, ſcorn the little Arts,
Which meaner Beauties uſe,
Who think they ne'er ſecure our Hearts,
Unleſs they ſtill refuſe;
Are coy and ſhy; will ſeem to frown,
To raiſe our Paſſion higher;
But when the poor Delight is known,
It quickly palls Deſire.

Come let's not trifle Time away,
Or ſtop you know not why;
Your Bluſhes and your Eyes betray
What Death you mean to die;
Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,
And Love no more be croſt;
Ah! *Liza*, when the Joys are known,
You'll curſe the Minutes paſt.

SONG IV.

A Nymph of the Plain,
By a jolly young Swain,
By a jolly young Swain,
Was addreſs'd to be kind:
But relentleſs I find
To his Pray'rs ſhe appear'd,
Tho' himſelf he endear'd,
In a manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his Paſſion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,

I cannot

I cannot expreſs;
But he lov'd to Exceſs,
And ſwore he wou'd die,
If ſhe wou'd not comply,
In a manner, &c.

While Bluſhes, like Roſes,
Which Nature compoſes,
Which Nature compoſes,
Vermillion'd her Face
With a beautiful Grace;
Which her Lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd,
In a manner, &c.

When wak'd from the Joy,
Which their Souls did employ,
Which their Souls did employ,
From her ruby warm Lips
Thouſand Odours he ſips,
At the Sight of her Eyes
He faints and he dies,
In a manner, &c.

But how they ſhall part,
Now becomes all the Smart,
Now becomes all the Smart,
Till he vow'd to his Fair,
That to eaſe his own Care,
He would meet her again,
And till then be in Pain,
In a manner ſo ſoft, ſo engaging and ſweet,
As ſoon might perſuade her his Paſſion to meet.

SONG

SONG V.

CÆLIA let not Pride undo you,
Love and Life fly ſwiftly on;
Let not *Damon* ſtill purſue you,
Still in vain, till Love is gone.
See how fair the blooming Roſe is,
See by all how juſtly priz'd,
But when it its Beauty loſes,
See the wither'd Thing deſpis'd.

When theſe Charms that Youth have lent you,
Like the Roſes are decay'd,
Cælia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a Maid.
Die a Maid! die a Maid! die a Maid!
Cælia, you'll too late repent you,
And be forc'd to die a Maid.

SONG VI.

CÆLIA, my deareſt, no longer depreſs me,
But haſten to bleſs me,
And fly to my Arms.
O cou'd I charm you!
How I wou'd warm you!
How I wou'd revel and ſport in your Arms!

No one is near;
Why ſhou'd we fear?
Why ſhou'd we theſe precious Moments delay?
If I've offended,
I ne'er intended,
I'll beg your Pardon another Day.

SONG VII.

BY the Mole on your Bubbies, ſo round and ſo white;
By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would delight;
By whatever Mole elſe you have got out of ſight,
I prithee now hear me, dear Molly.

By the Kiſs juſt a ſtatting from off your moiſt Lips;
By the delicate up-and-down Jutt of your Hips;
By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues far out-tips,
I prithee, &c.

By the Down on your Boſom, on which my Soul dies;
By the Thing of all Things, which you love as your Eyes;
By the Thoughts you lie down with, and thoſe when you riſe,
I prithee, &c.

By all the ſoft Pleaſures a Virgin can ſhare;
By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear;
By the Queſtion I burn ſo to ask, but don't dare,
I prithee now hear me, dear Molly.

SONG VIII.

WHen firſt I ſought fair *Celia*'s Love,
And ev'ry Charm was new,
I ſwore by all the Gods above,
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and ſigh'd in vain;
She ſtill proteſted, vow'd, and ſwore,
She ne'er wou'd eaſe my Pain.

At

At laſt o'ercome, ſhe made me bleſt,
And yielded all her Charms;
And I forſook her, when poſſeſt,
And fled to others Arms.

But let not this, dear *Celia*, now
Thy Breaſt to Rage incline;
For why, ſince you forgot your Vow,
Shou'd I remember mine?

SONG IX.

NO more, ſeverely kind, affect
To put that lovely Anger on;
Sweet Tyrant! if thou can'ſt ſuſpect
Thy Lover's Eyes, yet truſt thy own.

Aw'd by ſtern Honour, watchful Spies,
Dull, formal Rules I'm forc'd t'obey;
Like Dungeon Slaves, my haſty Eyes
Juſt ſnatch a Glimpſe of chearful Day.

Abſent, the Deſart Walks I view,
Here went *Eliza*, there ſhe came;
With Tears my lonely Couch bedew,
And dreaming, ſigh *Eliza*'s Name.

" Where is his Soul, the Women cry,
" The ſtupid Lump! the Lifeleſs Earth;
" Where, ſay the Men, his briſk Reply,
" His crimſon Glaſs, and noiſy Mirth.

Haſt thou not mark'd my burning Kiſs,
My lawleſs Pulſe, my bounding Heart
How oft, when wild for further Bliſs,
All trembling from thy Arms I ſtart?

Ah, ſpotleſs Fair, tho well I find
My Paſſion's ſtrong, my Reaſon frail:
Ah! can I ſtain that Angel Mind,
And, Virtue loſt, let Love prevail?

No! down in Shades below we'll rove,
A glorious miſerable Pair;
Gaz'd at thro' all the Myrtle Grove,
For burning Love, and chaſte Deſpair.

Say, if thou lov'ſt, did ever Youth,
That wiſh'd like me, like me endure?
Do'ſt thou not blame this ſwainiſh Truth,
And wiſh my Flame was not ſo pure?

In pity hate me, tempting Fair,
An happy Exile let me fly.
What fev'riſh Wretch his Thirſt can bear,
That ſees the cooling Stream ſo nigh!

Oh! I ſhall all my Vows unſay,
If once I gaze——my Blood will glow;
This virtuous Froſt will melt away,
And Love's wild Torrent over-flow.

SONG X.

PHillis, we not grieve that Nature,
Forming you has done her Part;
And, in every ſingle Feature,
Shew'd the utmoſt of her Art.

But in this it is pretended,
That a mighty Grievance lies,
That your Heart ſhould be defended,
Whilſt you wound us with your Eyes.

Love's a ſenſeleſs Inclination,
  Where no Mercy's to be found;
But juſt, where kind Compaſſion
  Gives us Balm to heal the Wound.

Perſians paying ſolemn Duty
  To the riſing Sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his Beauty,
  But in Hopes to make him kind.

SONG XI.

TELL me, *Cloe*, why has Nature
  Been ſo partial to your Form;
Why in Beauty deck'd each Feature?
  Think you 'twas to aid your Scorn?

No, miſtaken charming Woman,
  Nature no ſuch Thrift requires;
She beſtows her Gifts in common,
  And our lib'ral Uſe deſires.

Then no longer doat on Pow'r,
  But let Love your Thoughts employ;
Uſe the now propitious Hour,
  And improve the inſtant Joy.

Time, tho' ſlowly, is approaching,
  When that Face we now adore,
'Stead of Love will cauſe our Loathing,
  Spread with Age and Wrinkles o'er.

Then while weakly, vainly prating,
  You your former Conqueſts boaſt,
Who'll regard you, while relating
  What your Scorn and Folly loſt.

SONG XII.

WILL you ever, lovely Charmer,
Still perſiſt to tyranize;
Still, &c.
Can no Fire approach to warm her,
Who from Danger never flies
Who, &c.

Circled in a Croud of Lovers,
Kindly all you entertain,
Kindly, &c.
None your favourite Smile diſcovers,
Yet we're pleas'd to live in Pain,
Yet, &c.

Yet believe me, lovely Creature,
Heaven deſign'd you kind as fair,
Heaven, &c.
Truſt, for once, the God of Nature,
None are happy but a Pair,
None, &c.

SONG XIII.

O Fly from this Place, dear *Flora*,
Thy Gaoler has ſet thee free;
And before the next Bluſh of *Aurora*,
You'll find a kind Guardian in me.
Deareſt Creature, exchange for a better,
Confinement can have no Charms;
Think which of your Priſons is ſweeter,
This, or a young Lover's Arms.

SONG XIV.

CÆLIA, hoard thy Charms no more,
Beauty's like the Miſer's Treaſure;
Still the vain Poſſeſſor's poor;
What are Riches without Pleaſure?
Endleſs Pain the Miſer takes
To encreaſe his Heaps af Money;
Lab'ring Bees his Pattern makes,
Yet he fears to taſte his Honey.

Views, with aking Eyes, his Store,
Trembling, leſt he chance to loſe it;
Pining ſtill for want of more,
Tho' the Wretch wants Pow'r to uſe it.
Cælia thus, with endleſs Arts,
Spends her Days, her Charms improving;
Lab'ring ſtill to conquer Hearts,
Yet ne'er taſtes the Sweets of loving.

Views, with Pride, her Shape, her Face,
Fancying ſtill ſhe's under Twenty;
Age brings Wrinkles on apace,
While ſhe ſtarves with all her Plenty.
Soon or late they both will find,
Time, their Idol, from them ſever;
He muſt leave his Gold behind,
Lock'd within his Grave for ever.

Cælia's Fate will ſtill be worſe,
When her fading Charms deceive her;
Vain Deſire will be her Curſe,
When no Mortal will relieve her.
Cælia, hoard thy Charms no more,
Beauty's like the Miſer's Treaſure;
Taſte a little of thy Store;
What is Beauty without Pleaſure.

SONG XV.

OH! my Treaſure,
Crown my Pleaſure,
Let this be the happy Night;
Bleſs, oh, bleſs me!
Kindly preſs me,
Let me die with dear Delight.

Leave this Trembling,
And Diſſembling,
Lay aſide all Female Art;
Love's ſoft Pleaſure,
Beyond Meaſure,
Will atone for all it's Smart.

SONG XVI.

WHY ſhou'd coy Beauty be ſo hard,
To be to Joy perſuaded?
Why ſo perverſely ſtand its Guard,
By Love and Youth invaded?
Did ever Dame againſt the Knight,
Who came to her redreſſing,
For the rude Giant-Jailer fight,
And help her own Oppreſſing?

Such Honour is, the tender Maid,
With rigid Force reſtraining;
Love ſoon, with Leave, wou'd lend his Aid,
And end the Tyrant's reigning.
But, the poor Fool's ſo taught to dread
Her Friend, her Foe to favour,
She thinks it Ruin to be freed,
Protection to enſlave her.

Be wiſe, ye Fair, and keep not dead
  Upon you Hands your Treaſure;
The honeſt Lover does but plead
  For a fair Truck of Pleaſure;
Between the Nymph and Swain, that join
  In Love, 'tis equal Trading;
He gains the Riches of her Mine,
  And ſhe his Veſſel's Lading.

SONG XVII.

AURELIA, art thou mad;
  To let the World, in me,
Envy Joys I never had,
  And cenſure them in thee?

Fill'd with Grief for what is paſt,
  Let us at length be wiſe;
And the Banquet boldly taſte,
  Since we have paid the Price.

Love does eaſy Souls deſpiſe,
  Who loſe themſelves for Toys,
An eſcape for thoſe deviſe,
  Who taſte his utmoſt Joys.

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,
  Like their's a Folly is,
Who are for vain Swearing damn'd,
  And knew no higher Bliſs.

Love ſhou'd, like the Year, be crown'd,
  With ſweet Variety;
Hope ſhou'd in Spring abound,
  Kind Fears, and Jealouſy:

In the Summer Flowers shou'd rise,
And in the Autumn Fruits;
His Spring doth else but mock our Eyes,
And in a Scoff salute.

SONG XVIII.

I LOVE thee, by Heav'n; I cannot say more;
Then set not my Passion a-cooling.
If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er;
For I'm but a Novice at fooling.

What my Love wants in Words, it shall make up in Deeds,
Then why shou'd we waste Time in Stuff, Child?
A Performance, you wot well, a Promise exceeds;
And a Word to the Wise is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known;
But I hate all protesting and argueing.
Had a Goddess my Heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,
If she made many Words to a Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond Eyes have been saying;
Pry'thee be thou so too, seek for no better Term,
But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a *Chancery* Suit,
The Age of a Patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it, one Way or other, an Ending.

Long Courtship's the Vice of a phlegmatick Fool;
Like the Grace of Fanatical Sinners,
Where the Stomach's are lost, and the Victuals grow cool,
Before Men sit down to their Dinners.

SONG

SONG XIX.

DEAR *Aminda*, in vain you ſo coily refuſe,
What Nature and Love do inſpire;
That formal old Way, which your Mother did uſe,
Can never confine the Deſire,
It rather adds Oil to the Fire.

When the tempting Delights of wooing are loſt,
And Pleaſure a Duty becomes;
We both ſhall appear, like ſome dead Lover's Ghoſt,
To frighten each other from Home;
And the genial Bed like a Tomb.

Now low at your Feet your fond Lover will lie,
And ſeek a new Fate in your Eyes;
One amorous Smile will exalt him ſo high,
He can all but *Aminda* deſpiſe;
Then change to a Frown, and he dies.

To Love, and each other, we'll ever be true;
But to raiſe our Enjoyments by Art,
We'll often fall out, and as often renew;
For to wound and cure the Smart,
Is the Pleaſure which captives the Heart.

SONG XX.

HENCE, hence, thou vain fantaſtick Fear
Of Ill to come, we know not where;
Stand not with thy infernal Face
To fright my Love from my Embrace;
To what a Height ſhould we love on,
Wert thou and all thy Shadows gone?

Sigh,

Sigh, ſigh no more, nor cry, forbear,
'Tis Sin. I neither muſt nor dare;
If Sin can in theſe Pleaſures dwell,
If this can be the Gate of Hell,
No Fleſh can hold from ent'ring in;
Heav'n muſt forgive ſo ſweet a Sin.

Down, down ſhe does begin to fall,
And now the Shadows vaniſh all;
And now the Gate is ope to Bliſs,
And now I'm enter'd Paradiſe;
Whilſt envying Angels flock to view,
And wonder what it is we do.

SONG XXI.

SAY, lovely *Sylvia*, leud and fair,
Venus in Face and Mind,
Why muſt not I that Bounty ſhare,
You pour on all Mankind?

That Sun that ſhines promiſcuouſly
On Prince and Porter's Head,
Why muſt it now leave only me
To languiſh in the Shade?

In vain you cry, you'll ſin no more,
In vain you pray and faſt;
You'll ne'er perſuade us, till threeſcore,
That *Sylvia* can be chaſte.

When thus affectedly you cant,
You're ſuch a young Beginner,
You make at beſt an aukward Saint,
That are a charming Sinner.

SONG

SONG XXII.

THERE was a Swain full fair,
Was tripping it over the Graſs,
And there he ſpy'd with her Nut-brown Hair,
A pretty, tight Country Laſs:
Fair Damſel, ſays he,
With an Air brisk and free,
Come, let us each other know:
She bluſh'd in his Face,
And reply'd with a Grace,
Pray, forbear, Sir, No, no, no, no, *&c.*

The Lad being bolder grown,
Endeavour'd to ſteal a Kiſs;
She cry'd, piſh——let me alone,
But held up her Noſe for the Bliſs:
And when he begun,
She would never have done,
But unto his Lips ſhe did grow;
Near ſmoother'd to Death,
As ſoon as ſhe had Breath,
She ſtammer'd out, No, no, no, no, *&c.*

Come, come, ſays he, pretty Maid,
Let's to yon private Grove;
Cupid always delights in the cooling Shade,
There I'll read thee a Leſſon of Love:
She mends her Pace,
And haſtens to the Place;
But if her Lecture you'd know,
Let a baſhful young Muſe
Plead the Maiden's Excuſe,
And anſwer you, No, no, no, no, *&c.*

SONG

SONG XXIII.

BY the Toaſt of your Health, when full Bumpers go down;
By the am'rous Maſquerade Beaus of the Town;
By the powder'd pert Fop, and the ruſtick dull Clown,
I prithee now hear me, dear Cloe.

By the Pink of the Mode, which the Fair ſo adore;
By the Pride of the Sex, when their Smiles we implore;
By the Charms of your Dreſs, and the Force of its Pow'r,
I prethee, &c.

By the Poſy diſplay'd on your Ring, or your Garter;
By your delicate Snuff-Box enamell'd much ſmarter;
By the *Je-ne-ſcay-quoy*, when your Captives cry Quarter,
I prethee, &c.

By the ſimpering Dimple your Smiling diſcovers;
By the ogling Glance when you captivate Lovers;
By the coquetting Belles, who cenſure all others,
I prethee, &c.

By that C'rcle your Hoop, which ſuch Charms does incloſe;
By your killing bright Eyes, and your aquiline Noſe;
By the Death they commit, when a Spark you depoſe,
I prethee, &c.

By your Lips ſo ambroſial, and Boſom ſo fair;
By your Parrot's fine Prattle, which Charms your fine Ear;
By the gen'rous Sylphs who make you their Care,
I prethee, &c.

By your Lilly-white Hands, and Fingers ſo pretty;
By your exquiſite Genius, facetious and witty;
By all the gay Fancies deſcrib'd in this Ditty,
I prethee now hear me, dear Cloe.

SONG

SONG XXIV.

WHY ſhou'd a Heart ſo tender break?
O *Myra!* give it's Anguiſh Eaſe:
The Uſe of Beauty you miſtake,
Nor meant to vex, but pleaſe.

Thoſe Lips for ſmiling were deſign'd,
That Boſom to be preſt,
Your Eyes to languiſh and look kind,
For amorous Arms your Waſte.

Each Thing has its appointed Right
Eſtabliſh'd by the Pow'rs above;
The Sun and Stars give Warmth and Light,
The Fair diſtribute Love.

SONG XXV.

COME, deareſt *Flavia*, pray be kind,
Why ſhould you ſhun, why longer ſlight me?
You'll find in Love all Pleaſures join'd,
And ſhare the Joys whilſt you delight me.

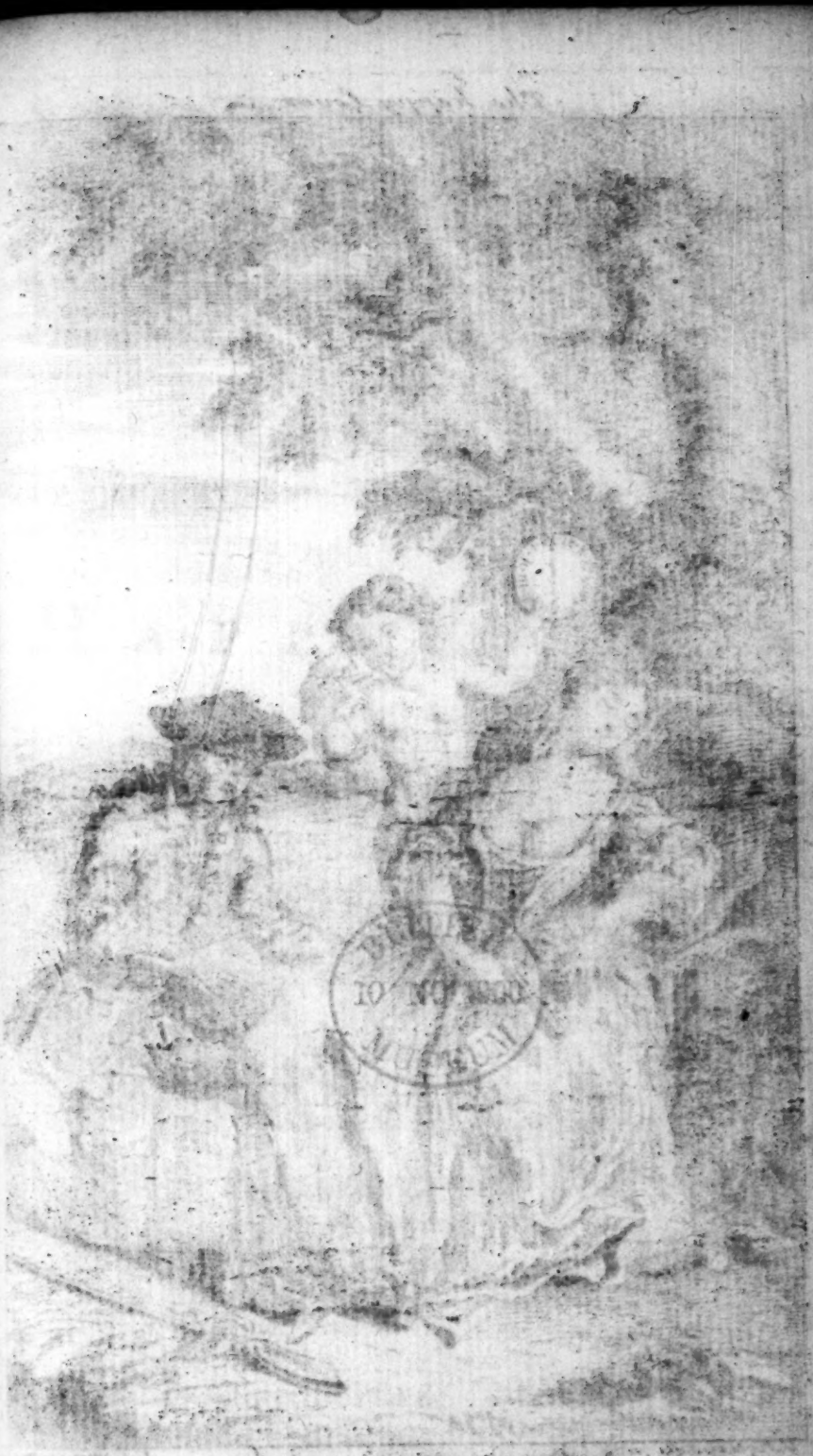
Why ſhould you be averſe to Bliſs,
Whilſt I in boundleſs Tranſports die?
You'll feel the rapt'rous Extaſies,
And ceaſe to breathe as well as I.

Let us the happy Time improve,
Now Time and Place do both conſpire;
Time ſwiftly flies away in Love,
Then let us gratify Deſire.

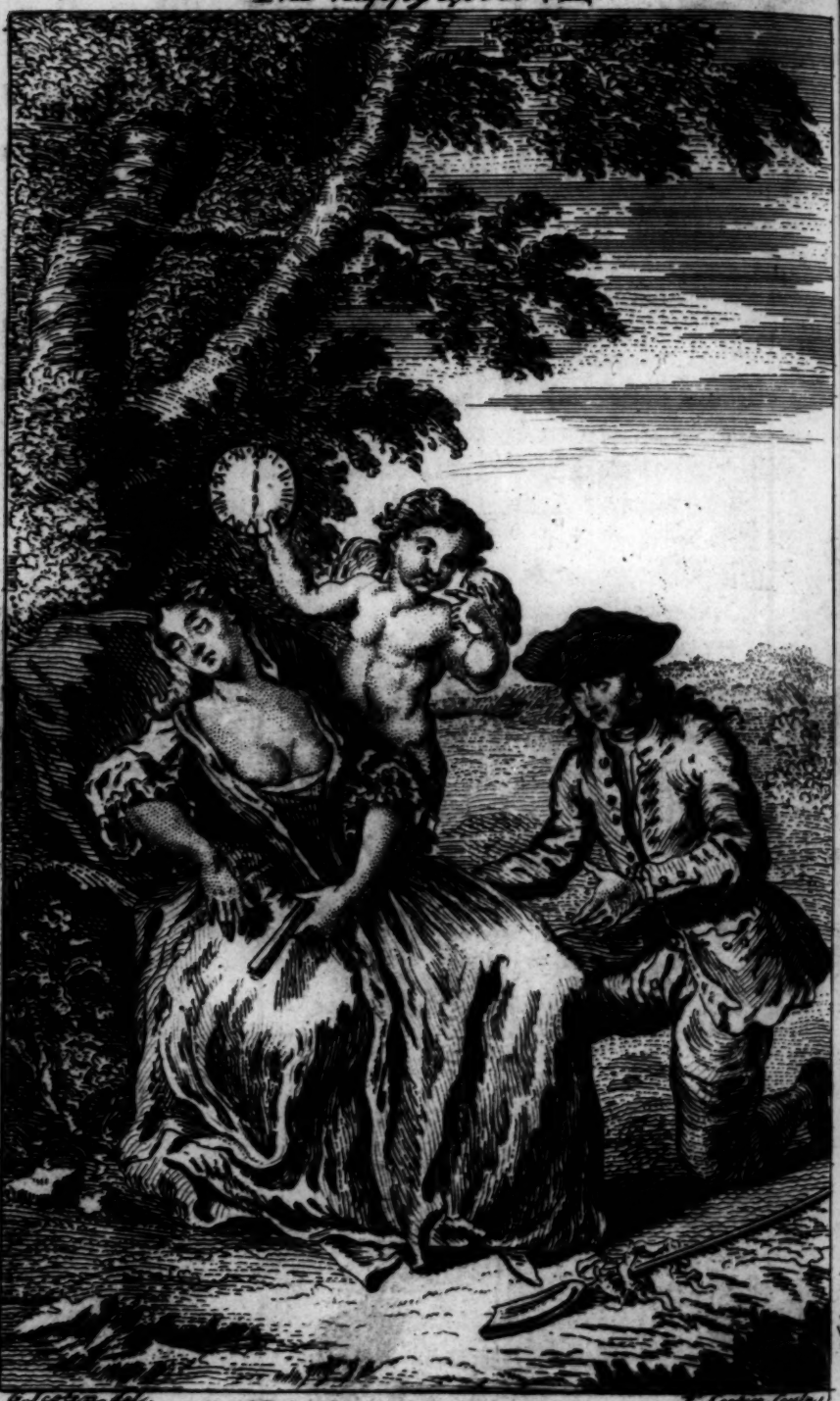
(She

(She yields, I ſee it in her Eyes)
You'll find true Bliſs in Love alone:
How vaſt muſt be the rapt'rous Joys
Where ev'ry Senſe is bleſs'd in one.

THE



The happy Lover.



Now, now's the lucky Minute, Cupid cries
And to her Arms the Happy Lover flies.

THE HAPPY LOVER.

SONG I.

THE Laſs of *Peaty's* Mill,
So bonny, blith and gay,
In ſpite of all my Skill,
Hath ſtole my Heart away:
When tedding of the Hay
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midſt her Locks did play,
And wanton in her Een.

Her Arms white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their Dawn,
To Age it would give Youth,
To preſs them with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extaſy of Bliſs,
When I ſuch Sweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiſs.

SONG

SONG II

YE watchful Guardians of the Fair,
Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
Let my dear *Delia* be your Care,
And repreſent her Lover,
With all the Gaity of Youth,
With Honour, Juſtice, Love, and Truth;
Till I return her Paſſions ſooth,
For me in Whiſpers move her.

Be careful no baſe fordid Slave,
With Soul ſunk in a golden Grave,
Who knows no Virtue but to ſave,
With glaring Gold bewitch her.
Tell her for me ſhe was deſign'd,
For me who knows how to be kind,
And have more Plenty in my Mind,
Than one that's ten Times richer.

SONG III.

POOR *Damon* knock'd at *Cælia's* Door,
He ſigh'd and begg'd, and wept and ſwore;
The Sign was ſo:
She anſwer'd, No,
No, no, no, *Damon* no.

Again he ſigh'd, again he pray'd;
No, *Damon*, no, I am afraid;
Conſider, *Damon*, I'm a Maid,
Conſider; no,
I am a Maid,
No, &c.

At

At last his Sighs and Tears made way;
She rose, and softly turn'd the Key:
Come in, said she, but do not stay,
I may conclude,
You will be rude,
But if you will you may.

SONG IV.

IS *Hamilla* then my own?
O! the dear, the charming Treasure!
Fortune now in vain shall frown,
All my future Life is Pleasure.

See how rich with youthful Grace,
Beauty warms her every Feature;
Smiling Heaven is in her Face,
All is gay, and all is Nature.

See what mingling Charms arise,
Rosy Smiles, and kindling Blushes;
Love sits laughing in her Eyes,
And betrays her secret Wishes.

Haste then from th' *Idalian* Grove,
Infant Smiles, and Sports, and Graces,
Spread the downy Couch for Love,
And lull us in your sweet Embraces.

Softest Raptures, pure from Noise,
This fair happy Night surround us;
While a Thousand spritely Joys,
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unsowr'd with Care or Strife,
Heaven still guard this dearest Blessing;
While we tread the Path of Life,
Loving still, and still possessing.

SONG

SONG V.

TRansported with Pleasure,
I gaze on my Treasure,
And ravish my Sight,
And ravish my Sight;
While she gaily smiling,
My Anguish beguiling,
Augments my Delight.

How blest is a Lover,
Whose Torments are over,
His Fears and his Pain,
His Fears and his Pain;
When Beauty relenting,
Repays with consenting,
Her Scorn and Disdain.

SONG VI.

MAY the Ambitious ever find
Success in Crouds and Noise,
While gentle Love does fill my Mind,
With silent real Joys.

May Knaves and Fools grow rich and great,
And all the World think them wise,
While I lie at my *Nanny's* Feet,
And all the World despise.

Let conquering Kings new Conquests raise,
And melt in Court Delights;
Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
Her Arms much softer Nights.

SONG

SONG VII.

BEhold I fly on Wings of ſoft Deſire,
Whilſt gentle Zephyrs waft me on;
Eager as when a Bridegroon all on Fire,
Longs from the Company to be gone:
She bluſhing flies the Pleaſure,
He ruſhing graſps his Treaſure,
'Till with mutual Tenderneſs each other they warm:
Since *Phœbe*'s my Guide,
And Love does preſide,
Each Monarch, tho' great,
Wou'd envy my State,
For ſhe, ſhe alone has the Pow'r to charm.

SONG VIII.

WHEN I ſurvey *Clarinda*'s Charms,
Folded within my circling Arms,
What endleſs Pleaſures move along
Serenely ſoft, and ſweetly ſtrong:
Every Smile invites to Love,
Balmy Kiſſes,
Am'rous Bliſſes,
Every riſing Charm improve.

Love on her Breaſt has fixt his Throne,
And *Cupid* revels in her Eyes;
Who can the Charmer's Power diſown,
When in each Glance an Arrow flies?
Yet when wounded we feel no Pain,
No, 'tis Pleaſure,
Above Meaſure,
Raptures flow in every Vein.

SONG IX.

NO, *Delia*, no, what Man can range
From ſuch ſeraphick Pleaſure;
'Tis want of Charms that makes us change,
To graſp the Fairy Treaſure:
What Man of Senſe wou'd quit a certain Bliſs
For Hopes, and empty Poſſibilities?

Vain Fools their ſure Poſſeſſions ſpend,
In Hopes of chymick Treaſure,
But for their fancy'd Riches find
Both Want of Gold and Pleaſure:
Rich in my *Delia*, I can wiſh no more;
The Wand'rer, like the Chymiſt, muſt be poor.

SONG X.

AS *Cælia* near a Fountain lay,
Her Eye-lids clos'd with Sleep,
The Shepherd *Damon* chanc'd that Way
To drive his Flock of Sheep,
To drive, &c.

With awful Steps he approach'd the Fair,
To view her charming Face,
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry Part a Grace,
And ev'ry, &c.

His Heart inflam'd with am'rous Pain,
He wiſh'd the Nymph would wake,
Tho' ne'er before was any Swain,
So unprepar'd to ſpeak,
So unprepar'd, &c.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſlumb'ring thus fair *Cælia* lay,
Soft Wiſhes fill'd her Mind,
She cry'd, Come, *Thyrſis*, come away,
For now I will be kind,
For now, *&c.*

Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,
And flew into her Arms,
He took her in the yieding Fit,
And rifl'd all her Charms,
And riff'd, *&c.*

SONG XI.

CLOE, when I view thee ſmiling,
Joys cœleſtial round me move;
Pleaſing Viſions Care beguiling,
Guard my State, and crown my Love.
To behold thee gaily ſhining,
Is a Pleaſure paſt defining,
Every Feature charms my Sight:
But, oh Heav'ns! when I'm careſſing,
Thrilling Raptures never ceaſing,
Fill my Soul with ſoft Delight.

Oh! thou lovely deareſt Creature,
Sweet Enſlaver of my Heart!
Beauteous Maſter-piece of Nature!
Cauſe of all my Joy and Smart!
In thy Arms enfolded lay me,
To diſſolving Bliſs convey me,
Softly ſooth my Soul to reſt;
Gently, kindly, oh my Treaſure!
Bleſs me, let me die with Pleaſure,
On thy panting ſnowy Breaſt.

SONG XII.

WHILST *Alexis* lay preſt
In her Arms he lov'd beſt,
With his Hand round her Neck,
And his Head on her Breaſt,
He found the fierce Pleaſure too haſty to ſtay,
And his Soul in the Tempeſt juſt flying away.

When *Celia* ſaw this,
With a Sigh, and a Kiſs,
She cry'd, oh my Dear, I am robb'd of my Bliſs;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

The Youth, tho' in Haſte,
And breathing his Laſt,
In pity dy'd ſlowly, while ſhe dy'd more faſt;
Till at length ſhe cry'd—Now, my Dear, now let us go,
Now die, my *Alexis*, and I will die too.

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till *Alexis* did try,
To recover new Breath, that again he might die:
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did ſo,
The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more ſlow.

SONG XIII.

UPON *Clarinda*'s panting Breaſt,
The happy *Strephon* lay;
With Love and Beauty jointly preſt
To paſs the Time away.
Freſh Raptures of tranſporting Love
Have ſtruck his Senſes dumb;
He envies not the Power above,
Nor all the Joys to come.

As

As painful Bees abroad do rove,
To fetch their Treaſures home;
So *Strephon* rov'd the Fields of Love,
To fill her Honey-comb:
Her ruby Lips he kiſt and preſt,
From whence all Joys derive;
Then humming round her ſnowy Breaſt,
Strait crept into her Hive.

SONG XIV.

WHEN *Cloe* ſhines ſerenely gay,
Oh! how Love's Goddeſs ſhe outvies!
How on her Lips the Graces play,
And *Cupids* wanton in her Eyes!

What ſoft Delights her Smiles impart!
What Raptures does young *Damon* feel,
When thus ſhe raviſhes his Heart,
With Joys too mighty to reveal!

Let the conceited of her Sex
Requite, with Scorn, the Lover's Pain;
Let them take Pleaſure to perplex,
And triumph o'er a dying Swain.

The Nymph muſt have a heav'nly Mind,
A Soul that's gen'rous, great, and brave;
Who conquers only to be kind,
And makes it her Delight to ſave.

The God-like *Romans* ſo (tho' crown'd,
Where-e'er they came, with Victory)
Not for their Arms were more renown'd,
Than for their Acts of Clemency.

SONG XV.

AS *Damon* late with *Cloe* ſat,
They talk'd of am'rous Bliſſes;
Kind Things he ſaid, which ſhe repaid,
In pleaſing Smiles and Kiſſes.
With tuneful Tongue, of Love he ſung;
She thank'd him for his Ditty:
But ſaid, one Day ſhe heard him ſay,
The Flute was mighty pretty.

Young *Damon*, who her Meaning knew,
Took out his Pipe to charm her;
And while he ſtrove, with wanton Love,
And ſprightly Airs, to warm her:
She begg'd the Swain, to play one Strain,
In all the ſofteſt Meaſure,
Whoſe killing Sound would ſweetly wound,
And make her die with Pleaſure.

Eager to do't, he takes the Flute,
And ev'ry Accent traces;
Love tickling through his Fingers flew,
And whiſper'd melting Graces:
He play'd his Part, with wondrous Art,
Expecting Praiſes after;
But ſhe, inſtead of falling dead,
Burſt out into a Laughter.

Taking the Hint, as *Cloe* meant,
Said he, My Dear, be eaſy;
I have a Flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,
May play a Tune to pleaſe ye:
Then down he laid the charming Maid,
He found her kind and willing:
He play'd again, and tho' each Strain
Was ſilent, yet 'twas killing.

Fair *Cloe* ſoon approv'd the Tune,
And vow'd he play'd divinely;
Let's have it o'er, ſaid ſhe, once more,
It goes exceeding finely:
The Flute is good that's made of Wood,
And is, I own, the neateſt;
Yet ne'ertheleſs, I muſt confeſs,
The ſilent Flute's the ſweeteſt.

SONG XVI.

HAIL to the myrtile Shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Fields;
Kings wou'd not here invade
Thoſe Pleaſures that Virtue yields
Chor. *Beauty here opens her Arms,*
To ſoften the languiſhing Mind;
And Phillis *unlocks her Charms;*
Ah Phillis! *ah why ſo kind?*

Phillis, Thou Soul of Love,
Thou Joy of the neighbouring Swains;
Phillis, that crowns the Grove,
And *Phillis* that gilds the Plains.
Chor. Phillis, *that ne'er had the Skill*
To paint, to patch, and be fine;
Yet Phillis, *whoſe Eyes can kill,*
Whom Nature hath made divine.

Phillis, whoſe charming Song
Makes Labour and Pains a Delight;
Phillis, that makes the Day young,
And ſhortens the live-long Night.
Chor. Phillis, *whoſe Lips like* May,
Still laughs at the Sweets that they bring;
Where Love never knows Decay,
But ſets with eternal Spring.

SONG XVII.

AS I beneath the myrtle Shade lay muſing,
Sylvia the fair, in mournful Sounds,
Venting her Grief, the Air thus wounds;
Oh! God of Love, ceaſe to torment me:
Send to my Aid ſome gentle Swain,
Whoſe Balm apply'd, may eaſe my Pain.

Aloud I cry'd, and all the Grove reſounded,
Heavenly Nymph, complain no more,
Love does thy wiſh'd-for Peace reſtore,
And ſends a gentle Swain to eaſe thee;
In whom a longing Maid may find,
A Balm to cure her Love-ſick Mind.

She bluſh'd, and ſigh'd, and puſh'd the Med'cine from her,
Which ſtill the more encreas'd her Pain,
Finding, at length, ſhe ſtrove in vain,
Oh! Love ſhe cry'd, I muſt obey thee;
Who can the raging Smart endure?
Then ſuck'd the Balm, and found a Cure.

SONG XVIII.

AS *Chloris*, full of harmleſs Thought,
Beneath a Myrtle lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To paſs the Time away.

She bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe, and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
In ſpite of her Diſdain;
She found a Pulſe in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah! Gods! ſaid ſhe, what Charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
Oh! let me,—for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no Power to riſe.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhould comply;
Her Looks and Eyes her Heart betray,
And gave her Tongue the Lye.

Thus ſhe, who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to a Swain.

SONG XIX.

WHILST on *Melaniſſa* gazing,
I ſurvey each pleaſing Grace,
And, with eager Joys embracing,
Dwell on that angelick Face.

There, with endleſs Raptures kiſſing,
I could breathe my Soul away;
But my Eyes, the Pleaſure miſſing,
Chide my Lip's too long Delay.

Leſt the Eye ſhou'd want its longing,
I a while quit t'other Bliſs;
But my Lips, their Loſs bemoaning,
Prompt me to another Kiſs:

Thus perpetually renewing
Thoſe two never-fading Joys,
Kiſſing her, by turns, and viewing,
Pleas'd I feaſt both Lips and Eyes.

SONG XX.

PHILLIS has a gentle Heart,
Willing to her Lover's Courting;
Wanton Nature, all Love's Art,
To direct her in her ſporting:
In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiſs,
All is real Inclination;
No falſe Raptures in the Bliſs,
No feign'd Sighings in the Paſſion.

But O, who the Charms can ſpeak,
Who the thouſand Ways of toying,
When ſhe does the Lover make
All a God in the enjoying?
Who, the Limbs that round him move,
And conſtrain him to her Bliſſes?
Who, the Eyes that ſwim in Love,
Or the Lips that ſuck in Kiſſes?

O the Freaks when mad ſhe grows,
Raves all wild with the Poſſeſſing!
O the ſilent Trance that ſhows
The Delight above expreſſing!
Every way ſhe does engage,
Idly talking, ſpeechleſs lying;
She tranſports me with her Rage,
And ſhe kills me in her dying.

SONG XXI.

I Gently touch'd her Hand, she gave
A Look, that did my Soul enslave;
I prest her Rebel-Lips, in vain,
They rose up to be prest again.
Thus happy, I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd, and innocent.

On her soft Breasts my Hand I laid,
And a quick light Impression made;
They with a kindly Warmth did glow,
And swell'd, and seem'd to over-flow.
Yet, trust me, I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd, and innocent.

On her Eyes my Eyes did stay,
O'er her smooth Limbs my Hands did stray;
Each Sense was ravish'd with Delight,
And my Soul stood prepar'd for Flight;
Blame me not, if, at last, I meant,
More to be pleas'd, than innocent.

SONG XXII.

AN am'rous Swain to *Juno* pray'd,
And thus his Suit did move,
Give me, oh! give me the dear Maid,
Or take away my Love.

The Goddess thunder'd from the Skies,
And granted his Request:
To make him happy, made him wise,
And drove her from his Breast.

SONG

SONG XXIII.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my Song,
To whom thy sweetest Joys belong,
And who the happy Pairs,
Whose yielding Hearts, and joining Hands,
Find Blessings twisted with their Bands,
To soften all their Cares.

Not the wild Herd of Nymphs and Swains,
That thoughtless fly into the Chains,
As Custom leads the Way:
If there be Bliss without Design,
Ivies and Oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid Souls of earthly Mould,
Who drawn by kindred Charms of Gold,
To dull Embraces move:
So two rich Mountains of *Peru*
May rush to wealthy Marriage too,
And make a World of Love.

Not the mad Tribe that Hell inspires,
With wanton Flames, those raging Fires,
The purer Bliss destroy:
On *Ætna*'s Top let Furies wed,
And Sheets of lightning dress the Bed,
T'improve the burning Joy.

Nor the dull Pairs, whose Marble Forms,
None of the melting Passions warms,
Can mingle Hearts and Hands:
Logs of green Wood that quench the Coals,
Are married just like *Stoic* Souls,
With Osiers for their Bands.

Not

Not Minds of melancholy Strain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear Bondage bleſs:
As well may heavenly Conſorts ſpring,
From two old Lutes with ne'er a String,
Or none beſides the Baſs.

Nor can the ſoft Enchantments hold,
Two jarring Souls of angy Mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Sampſon's young Foxes might as well,
In Bonds of chearful Wedlock dwell,
With Fire-brands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel Fetters bind,
A gentle to a ſavage Mind,
For Love abhors the Sight:
Looſe the fierce Tyger from the Deer,
For native Rage, and native Fear,
Riſe and forbid Delight.

Two kindeſt Souls, alone muſt meet,
'Tis Friendſhip makes the Bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual Loves:
Bright *Venus* on her rolling Throne,
Is drawn by gentleſt Birds alone,
And *Cupids* yoke the Doves.

SONG XXIV.

AS *Damon* watch'd his harmleſs Sheep,
Within a ſilent Shade,
Lock'd in the Bands of downy Sleep,
He ſaw his Charmer laid;
And thus he hail'd the beauteous Maid.

AIR.

AIR.

Close not those charming Eyes,
My Life, my only Dear!
'Tis Night till they arise,
'Tis Day when they appear.

Charm'd with the tuneful Accents of his Voice,
The lovely Virgin rear'd her Head;
For *Damon's* Song makes Sorrow's self rejoice,
So sweet! 'twould e'en recal the Dead.
Nor was the Nymph coquet or coy,
Too well she knew the artless Boy,
With Fervour not to be express,
She clasp'd him to her snowy Breast;
Who thus sang forth his Joy.

AIR.

While in her Arms my Charmer holds me,
I think the Queen of Love infolds me;
Less lovely *Venus* is than she,
Adonis far less blest than me.

SONG XXV.

MUSING on Cares of human Fate,
In a sad Cypress Grove;
A strange Dispute I heard of late,
'Twixt *Virtue*, *Fame*, and *Love*:
A pensive Shepherd ask'd Advice,
And their Opinions crav'd,
How he might hope to be so wise,
To get a Place beyond the Skies,
And how he might be sav'd.

Nice

Nice *Virtue* preach'd Religion's Laws,
  Paths to eternal Reſt;
To fight his King's and Country's Cauſe,
  Fame counſell'd him was beſt.
But *Love* oppos'd their noiſy Tongues,
  And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
Get, get a Miſtreſs, fair and young,
Love fiercely, conſtantly, and long,
  And then thou ſhalt be ſav'd.

Swift as a Thought the am'rous Swain
  To *Sylvia's* Cottage flies,
In ſoft Expreſſions told her plain,
  The Way to heav'nly Joys.
She, who with Piety was ſtor'd,
  Delays no longer crav'd;
Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd,
She ſmil'd and took him at his Word;
  And thus they both were ſav'd.

SONG XXVI.

AS on a vernal Evening fair,
  Damon and *Celia* (happy Pair!)
  Sate on a Flow'ry Bank reclin'd:
Beneath a fragrant Myrtle Shade,
While their young Offspring round 'em play'd,
  Thus raviſh'd *Damon* op'd his Mind.

Oh! What happy State is this!
My *Celia!* what a Heav'n of Bliſs
  Does Love, pure, lawful Love ſupply!
Whether I turn my Look on thee,
Or yonder Infant Charmers ſee;
  Still Views of Joy ſalute my Eye.

Life's

Life's higheſt Bleſſings all are mine,
And doubly ſo by being thine,
  Dear Crown of all that I enjoy!
No anxious, guilty Thoughts I find,
To diſcompoſe my Peace of Mind,
  Pure Love yields Sweets without Alloy.

I draw no ruin'd Virgin's Tear,
No injur'd Parent's Curſe I hear;
  I dread no violated Laws;
I loſe no Honour, waſte no Wealth;
With no Diſeaſes wound my Health;
  Foul as the ſhameful Crime their Cauſe.

Our Holy Union Heav'n approves,
And ſmiles indulgent on our Loves
  As our unnumber'd Bleſſings ſhow:
Oh! Let our Virtue then improve,
Let us ſecure more Bliſs above;
  For more we cannot wiſh below.

FINIS.